THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Single Number [illegible]

THE IMAGE BY THE SEA.

It stood alone by the surf-beaten rock;
Above the foam of the dancing wave,
Where sea-birds flap unwearied wing.
And the [illegible]

[illegible] toward the distant sail,
And as the freighted ship [illegible] shores,
Bore friends and treasures from far off isles,
And colonial riches and tropic stores.

And the winds swept shoreward from the sea,
Loosening the hair, and giving to the gale
The tresses that touched the lifted hand,
As it pointed to the swelling sail.

I saw it then as I see it now,
Where it stood on the rockbound strand,
As if waiting in storm for the coming
Of sail and friend from a far off land.

When the years had passed with busy tread,
And summer came, and laughing, went away,
And violets bloomed, and snow-drifts hung
Upon the hills through all the winter day,

I saw another vision so like the past,
In outline the same—the same lithe form
Not now by rock, nor by the ocean shore,
Nor in the gale and midnight storm.

And I knew by the dark brown hair,
And the voice that the gale bore to me,
That the dream and the image of to-day,
Was but returning the dream by the sea.

And I took the sweet dream to my heart,
For it told when we met near the sea,
That the vision should meet me again,
And be ever and ever with me.

Hamilton, Ohio. EVERETT.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGGS," &C.

CHAPTER I.

GOING TO TIPPERARY.

"My dear Richard, are you really to go to Ireland?" asked my mother, with some concern, as I flung down the letter I had just received from Col. Fulham.

"Yes, and my destination is—" I hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Is what? Some frightfully savage spot, I suppose."

"One of the Irish cities, formerly a royal seat."

"That does not sound so bad; but what is the name of the place?"

"Cashel," I replied, courageously.

"Cashel," repeated my mother, musingly, "what part of the country is it in?"

"The south—the province of Munster."

"And the county?"

It was some minutes before I ventured to answer that last question, but at length I said "Tipperary," with as much *sang froid* as possible.

"Tipperary!" exclaimed my mother, opening her eyes. "My dear boy, this is dreadful!"

"Not in the least, mother. I shall quite enjoy being among strange people in a strange land."

"But such a monstrous county—so barbarous!" said my anxious parent. "Had you been ordered to any other place in the world I would not have murmured at the command, but Tipperary is too bad."

As well as I could I endeavored to console my mother under the heavy blow she received in learning that my regiment had been sent to the most lawless part of the fair land of Erin. I had never been in Ireland yet. Familiar as I was with many a foreign country, in all my early love of wandering I had never thought of visiting England's sister isle, and I knew as little about this then new region as I did of Japan. I was just twenty-three, and had been in the army five years—quartered during that period at Malta, Gibraltar, and Canada. Before obtaining my commission I had travelled for a year abroad under the guidance of a tutor, and had visited many a classic land. Latterly I had spent more than two months of leave on the Continent, and on my return to England for a short visit home I received the announcement that my regiment had been sent to Tipperary—head-quarters Templemore, detachment at Cashel, where my company was now stationed. I had only a few days to loiter over my preparations for departure to Ireland, and it was with no small degree of curiosity that I contemplated a sojourn in the heart of a proverbially dangerous *locale*. I got out the map of Ireland, learned the geography of the province of Munster, discovered Cashel almost in the centre of Tipperary, and trusted to the future to enlighten me further. In those days, reader, travelling was not so expeditious and comfortable as now-a-days. Railroads had not penetrated far through Ireland, and many of the principal towns were as unapproachable as they had been fifty years before. Cashel was in this respect better off than many of its compeers, and after reaching Dublin, I had the good fortune to be conveyed as far as Maryborough by railway, where I exchanged my comfortable seat in the train for a fusty, dingy, rickety coach, that was to penetrate to the remote region of Cork, dropping me on the way at Cashel.

"Will you have room for my luggage on that conveyance?" I demanded, in a tone of [illegible] vehicle that stood awaiting the arrival of passengers from the train.

"What weight of luggage have you?" asked the guard, screwing up his eyes as he glanced at a somewhat inordinate quantity of boxes and packages near me.

"All this," I answered, with military peremptoriness and fierceness, pointing to my possessions.

"No room for the half of it," coolly observed the fellow, without looking at me.

"And what is to be done?—have you got no other mode of carrying luggage than that small coach?"

While I was speaking I observed that a travelling chaise had emerged from the train and was now being attached to four well-conditioned horses; while the owner, a goodlooking man, about six or seven and twenty, of gentlemanly appearance, watched the process of harnessing composedly, supporting on his arm a very pretty girl, who I fancied was looking now and then at myself while I stormed about my luggage. One or two glances from her soft blue eyes disarmed my wrath almost instantly; I felt ashamed of having betrayed such violence.

"Sir Denis has engaged nearly all the spare room for his luggage, sir," said the coachman; "we'd accommodate you with pleasure, but you can't expect impossibilities; see, there's the lady's-maid putting up two more bandboxes! Perhaps Sir Denis might consent to let some of his trunks wait till *Friday* if you're in an out-and-out hurry with yours. I'll just step over and ask him."

And before I had time to reply he advanced to the gentleman standing beside the chaise, speaking a few words to him which I did not hear, as he occasionally pointed in my direction.

"Oh! I should regret putting you to inconvenience," said the gentleman, now coming towards me, while he dropped the arm of his fair companion, who stood in the background; "I will take some of our luggage on the carriage if you have no room for yours on the coach."

I bowed, colored probably, and said a few civil things—thanks and all that.

"You are going to Cork, I presume?" said Sir Denis.

"No; Cashel is my destination."

"Indeed! you belong to the 32nd, then?" observed the gentleman, pleasantly.

"Yes, that is my regiment."

"Is Colonel Fulham at Cashel?"

"No; our headquarters are at Templemore; my company is detached at Cashel."

"Take down the large portmanteau," said Sir Denis, now giving orders for the removal of a part of his ponderous supply of luggage from the coach roof.

"And the largest bandbox, Denis, if you like," I heard a sweet voice say in a low tone; "we can manage with it inside the carriage very well."

A sharp-faced abigail who had all along eyed me with ferocity here interposed about the young lady's part of the luggage, declaring that there would be no room on or in the chaise for more packages than were already stowed in it; but the lady, who I concluded was Sir Denis's wife, held out to support me, and I had the felicity of seeing the most necessary portion of my traps hoisted at length to the roof of the lumbering coach. Somehow I had by this time got into such good humor that I would scarcely have grumbled had I been obliged to mount the coach minus even my dressing-case; and though still under the necessity of leaving behind a considerable portion of my effects, I did not give way to any further outburst of impatience. Sir Denis, whose surname was still a mystery to me, chatted a little while before his carriage was in readiness, and then left me, murmuring something about hoping to have the pleasure of calling on me at Cashel, which lay within eight miles of his residence.

As soon as I was fairly mounted beside the coachman and had beheld the private travelling chaise of my new friend winding along before the more heavily laden and less aristocratic conveyance on which I was seated, I began of course to question those around me as to whom Sir Denis was, where he lived, and what the amount of his property was.

"He's Sir Denis Barnett, of Knockgriffin House," replied the coachman.

"Is he married?"

"No, sir."

"And who is the lady with him now?" I asked, after a pause.

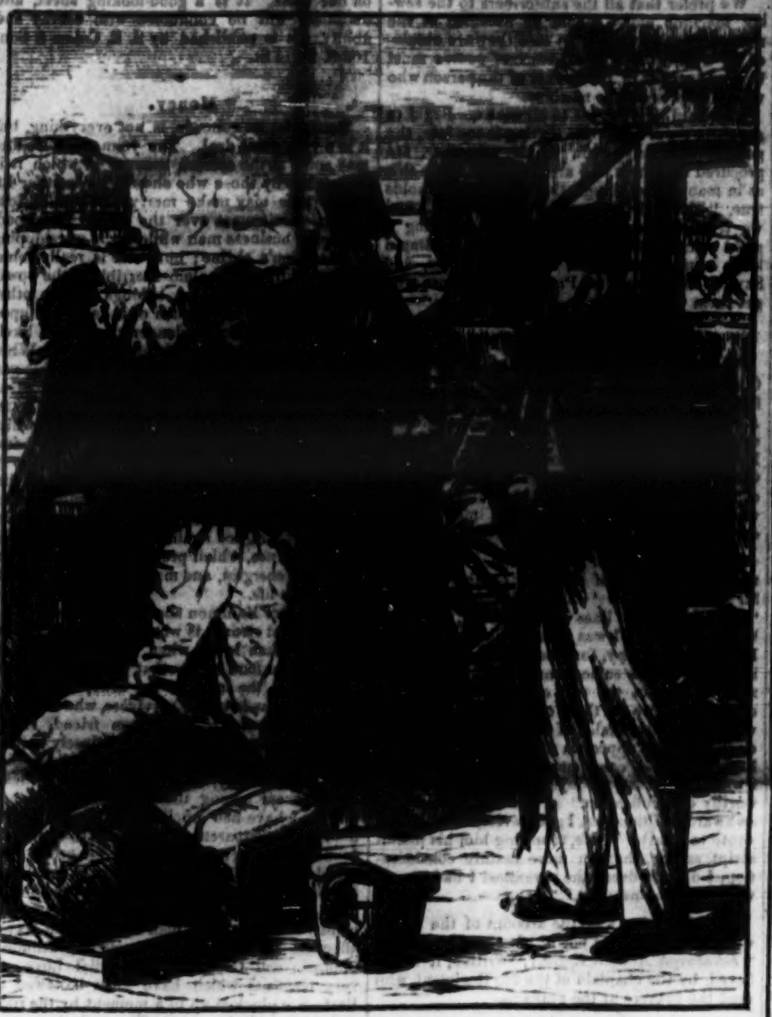
"His sister, sir. They live together at Knockgriffin."

"Alone?"

"There's only themselves—two in family—now. Old Sir Denis was shot five years ago, and Lady Barnett died shortly after that."

"Was he shot by accident or in a duel?"

"Oh! no. It isn't known who shot him; it was one day he was riding towards Golden, and he was killed on the road."



"That wasn't Sir Denis—that was Mr. Scully, of Ardfinn," corrected a passenger sitting near. "Sir Denis was fired at coming home from a ball at Clonmel."

"Ay, so he was; I confounded the two."

"Wasn't it just before that old Jemmy Armstrong was shot in the arm, and had the wonderful escape of his life?"

"I don't recollect; maybe it was; he'll be popped some day outright."

"Oh, no doubt; he can't expect a second escape."

I wondered considerably while listening to this kind of conversation, which was carried on in a sleepy, indifferent manner, as though the speakers were discussing some sport that they had no inclination to take part in, though slightly interested in it.

"Tom Brennan got a notice yesterday, I hear, threatening him with certain death if he'd attempt to ask for the arrears that's due these three years on the Moyglish lands, was the next observation I heard.

"Ay, I always knew the Ryans was plucky," answered somebody, taking a pipe out of his mouth. "It was they put the last agent out o' the way undoubtedly."

"Brennan had better leave them alone, that's all."

"You don't seem to think much of human life here," I remarked at length.

"Why, sir?" asked the coachman.

"You don't appear to mind how many people are shot by assassins. I have heard you mention half a dozen murders almost in a breath."

"They weren't what you call *murders*, captain," said the speaker who seemed to know so much about the particulars of the different threats and assassinations that had come off lately. "They were lives destroyed for revenge—nothing more. We have very few downright regular murders about here."

"And you don't call it murder to shoot a man from behind a hedge while he is passing over a lonely road unsuspectingly."

"There isn't many a one goes unsuspecting over the roads in Tipperary," said the fellow, with a chuckle. "Every landlord that acts contrary to justice generally knows beforehand what he's to expect; but we don't meddle with the soldier officers, except when they come down for ejectments or the like, and then we fight them openly. We're fond of the regular built military; it's only the peelers we can't bear."

This was consolatory as far as I was concerned myself, but already I had learned enough to believe fully that the blood-stained reputation of Tipperary was but too well earned. As the day passed I listened to many a thrilling story of assassination and hanging narrated without apology or comment of any sort, and by the time the coach penetrated the boundary of Tipperary felt that report had not belied its character in the least. We drove by Templemore, with its grim barracks, and advanced in the dusk of evening towards Thurles. It was lovely weather, in the middle of May, and the *face* of the country, fresh and verdant, was pleasant to the eye. The meadows struck me as being of a peculiarly rich green color; the roads were narrow and winding, flanked on either side by thick hedges, seldom neatly trimmed. At Thurles the coach, on halting, was surrounded immediately by idlers, who made comments freely on the passengers, betraying a certain degree of independence and lawlessness that could not fail to strike a stranger with surprise. The night air growing sharp at this time I buttoned my coat to the chin, and with folded arms awaited the continuance of my journey. Somehow, as the moon came forth shining mildly in the clear sky, I found myself ever and anon thinking of the fair face of Sir Denis Barnett's sister, and she was strangely mixed up in my mind with other feelings as I beheld my first sight of the beautiful ruin of Holycross Abbey, which the coach passed closely, its ivy-covered walls and Gothic windows glancing weirdly in the bright moonlight.

"We haven't far to go now, sir," said the coachman, when the abbey was left behind, and we plunged into more narrow roads with abrupt turnings. "There, you can see already the Rock of Cashel standing right opposite you."

I gazed eagerly in the direction pointed out, and beheld distinctly the outline of the steep eminence crowned by the finest of Ireland's ecclesiastical ruins standing clear and sharp against the moonlit sky. A fine sight it was, that perpendicular rock, with its pile of ancient relics, its dilapidated palace, cathedral and chapel, and well preserved round tower standing so mutely above the surrounding country, telling of kings and priests long gone. Brave old rock! To this day I can recall my first glimpse of you, dear as you have since become to me from memories associated with yourself and your surroundings! No matter what direction we took now, the "rock" always was visible, and I kept my eyes upon it with a sort of fascination that it was impossible to withstand.

Late in the evening we arrived at Cashel, and I took my leave of the Cork Mail, the coachman telling me complacently that he expected to reach his final destination next morning at six o'clock.

CHAPTER II.

CASHEL. KNOCKGRIFFIN HOUSE.

Imagine the most wretched of tumble-down barracks, reader, situated in the most wretched part of a wretched country town, and you will form some idea of my quarters in the City of the Kings at this time in company with two or three other victims of military chance and change. The "city," consisting then of about eight or nine hundred houses, three-fourths of which were thatched, had an aspect of age and misery that was inexpressibly dreary to my English eyes. There was one good street, wide and well built, but the lanes and alleys branching from it were terrible to contemplate. The gentry living in the town had chiefly betaken themselves to the watering-places of Kilkee or Tramore. For some months we had few visitors at the barracks. We heard wonderful stories of former gay times in the neighborhood of our present quarters, but nothing came to give us an idea of Irish hospitality. The pleasantest inhabitant of the city, with whom we chatted frequently, was good old Mrs. Conan, who supplied the requisites for our mess, and who charged a most exorbitant price for the worst wine that anybody ever drank. She retailed all the gossip of the county for our benefit as we lounged in dishabille over her counter or round her shop door, told us the names of the people who came into town on market days, and obtained pardon for her depredations on our pockets in consideration of her useful and amusing information. Indeed, I do not know what we should have done only for Mrs. Conan's shop and her pleasant chat. She was a fat, elderly woman, with a red face and a roguish eye, full of fun and drollery, yet in spite of her general good nature and cheerfulness we were all a little afraid of her. She had a keen wit and much observation, and her ideas of what a gentleman owed to himself and the world were somewhat exacting, especially with reference to his expenditure. I fear she had a great contempt for poor or economical members of the army. She spoke in terms of strong disapprobation against the miserly propensities of certain regiments, and in glowing language of those corps who had dashed away their money in a becoming manner.

For the first fortnight of my stay at Cashel I [illegible] getting into despair. I had discovered all the eligible walks round the neighborhood, and explored different strange regions; I had made myself familiar with the famous rock and its ruined castle, insomuch that I would have made a much better guide for the visitors coming to see it than the individual who filled the office in those days. Many an evening stroll I have had round this relic of the past, treading upon the soft green grass that grew over innumerable graves, reading the inscriptions on quaint tombstones, or wandering through the ruins of the venerable cathedral, with its nave, transepts and choir, admiring the beautiful decorations of Cormac's chapel; or watching the strange effect of the outward light falling through the apertures at the top of the lofty round tower as I looked upwards through the mysterious pile. Being a pretty good draughtsman I drew sketches of the rock from all points, and as I said before, passed a fortnight of tolerable patience; then I became restless, began to flirt with the niece of the old woman who kept the only cake shop in the city, and was thinking of quarreling with Mrs. Conan about the poisonous wine she supplied our miserable mess with, when I was restored to reason and good humor by learning that Sir Denis Barnett had left his card for myself and my companions at the barracks. Our detachment at Cashel consisted merely of three officers, your humble servant being chief over a couple of subalterns—Lieutenant Travers and Ensign Fletcher, one of whom was engaged to a girl in England, and considerably occupied in writing and reading love-letters; the other a shy, unfledged boy of seventeen, devoted to study and sober pursuits, with a considerable dread of ladies' society, which was fortunate for him as far as our Cashel sojourn was concerned, for there was at that time scarcely a young lady residing in the ancient city.

About a week after Sir Denis Barnett had called upon us I considered it to be my duty to return his visit, and asked Travers and Fletcher to accompany me in a ride to Knockgriffin, but both declined doing so, begging me to leave their cards for the baronet with all due respect. To tell the truth, I was not sorry to take that ride alone; my frame of mind was rather sentimental, and I preferred musing to talking. It was one of the loveliest June days that ever man mounted a horse on, and perhaps the country I passed over was the richest I had ever seen, though from the want of trees losing much of a picturesque effect. Many a time as I rode along I paused on an eminence to look around me, taking note of the wide range of mountains within view, or wondering at the deserted state of the roads I travelled over. Perhaps, reader, I did not regret that I was not a wealthy landowner of the county Tipperary as I slowly rode onwards, free of all anxiety, and by no means in expectation of a shot from behind any hedge, however thick or high. Once or twice I stopped at a cabin by the wayside to ask the direction of Knockgriffin, and was always answered with civility and without exciting curiosity. All along the route I found myself dwelling upon the beauty of the fair girl I had seen with Sir Denis on leaving the train at Maryborough, and by the time I reached the fine old gateway of the place I was bound for I was excited to a pitch of admiration and enthusiasm impossible to describe. My heart beat quick, then slow, as I rode up the broad, well gravelled avenue, bounded on either side by wide sweeps of smoothly shaven lawn, dotted here and there by handsome trees, and flanked in the distance by dark woods, through which the eye could catch glimpses of a silvery river, part of the Suir, as I afterwards learned, winding in and out. "Surely," thought I, "England could not boast a prettier spot than this, or a better kept country seat." There appeared nothing of carelessness or want of neatness in the appointments I saw around me. The park and pleasure grounds of Knockgriffin were all kept in perfect order. Approaching the house I beheld a spacious, antique mansion, with castellated towers of imposing aspect. I sighed as I gazed at its extent and beauty; my own fortune, reader, was very moderate. For years I had been considered the heir of a bachelor uncle with twelve thousand a year—a baronet, who took it into his head to marry in his old age, and at sixty-nine became the husband of a lady thirty years his junior, who presented him with a son and heir, thus cutting off my long established expectations of inheriting the baronetcy and family estate. At present I had only four hundred a year besides my pay as captain in the army, and as I dismounted to ring the hall door bell at Knockgriffin I was fully conscious that Sir Denis Barnett's niece would think very little of such an income as mine.

"Heigh ho!" thought I; "perhaps it would be better for me to ride back again to Cashel without asking to gain admittance here. This may turn out the most disastrous visit of my life!"

While I cogitated thus the door opened, and I learned that Sir Denis was at home. I thereupon followed the servant, who admitted me through a lofty, square hall, furnished handsomely, and passed on to one of the drawing-rooms, where I was ushered in as Captain Stapleton, my name being fortunately pronounced all correctly, for a wonder. For some moments I did not know that the large drawing-room contained any occupant but myself, but in a short time I was aware that a female form was approaching from one of the windows at the farthest end of the apartment. It was that of Miss Barnett—more graceful, more lovely in figure and face than even I had before believed her to be. Slightly above the middle height, and exquisitely proportioned, with a head and face that might have served as a model for a sculptor, she was truly a beautiful creature; fair, with very little color, and hair of a pale brown hue, braided tastefully and falling low on her neck behind. Though Irish thoroughly, without a tinge of other blood in her veins, this young girl struck me as being very unlike the idea I had previously formed of the women of her country. She was neither boisterous nor particularly animated; she did not talk loudly about hunting or horse-racing, nor put one to the blush by cutting jokes and merciless quizzing. She was precisely like a well-bred lady of any civilized society; her accent not quite English, but only tinged sufficiently with that of her own country to give a peculiar charm to her tones. She advanced towards me with a winning smile, gave me her hand in an easy, graceful manner, and entered at once into a conversation which served to dispel the embarrassment that I felt overcoming me as I entered the house. We talked for some time before Sir Denis made his appearance, and from him I received a cordial welcome to Knockgriffin. He was a fine specimen of a Tipperary man—frank, good-looking, and of agreeable manners. Both sister and brother had travelled a good deal abroad, and were acquainted with many friends of my own. They were intimate with London and Parisian society, as well as with members of the higher circles of their own metropolis. I had never passed a pleasanter half hour than that of this morning call; and when on my departure Sir Denis expressed an indefinite sort of wish that I would join a party of visitors, whom he expected to remain for a few days at Knockgriffin, my delight was extreme. To be for a week perhaps domiciled under the same roof as that which sheltered the enchanting form of the most charming girl I had ever seen! It was a happiness almost too great to believe in.

I rode home in a dreamy frame of mind, more intensely sentimental than before, and decidedly very deeply in love. I had passed out of the demesne and was going over one of the narrow tortuous roads bounded by the thick green hedges I have mentioned as peculiar to Tipperary when a somewhat remarkable occurrence took place. I was buried in profound thought, grasping the reins somewhat loosely, and allowing my horse to go on as he pleased, when he gave a sudden start that roused me, and I beheld a man's head peering curiously through the hedge, the eyes fixed intently on myself.

"Good-day, Sir Denis," said the fellow, after we had exchanged a scrutinizing stare.

"Good-day," replied I, "but you have mistaken me. I am not Sir Denis Barnett, only a visitor coming from his place."

"All right then," observed the man, pulling his head back, and retreating without saying anything further. I watched him, however, as he cut swiftly across the fields on the left of the road, and observed that he carried a musket, which posed me a good deal. Should I put spurs to my horse and follow the fellow to demand what he wanted with Sir Denis or where he was going with fire arms? was the question that rose to my mind while I observed him hurrying off in the distance. My first impulse was to do so, my next to let the matter pass unheeded. I never could expect to discover the truth from him, and nothing could be gained by a mere suspicion. Somehow the incident made a curious impression on me, after all I had read and heard of Tipperary morality, and I did not cease to ponder upon it when I reached my quarters at Cashel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At a Kentish village in England, the other day, a blacksmith was drinking some ale, when he remarked: "I have swallowed something; I am afraid it was a wasp. If so, I am a dead man." In a very short time afterward he fell into the arms of a bystander, and immediately expired.

☞ It is said that Mr. Chase, when Secretary of the Treasury, proposed to name some new revenue cutters after the various kinds of fish—as, the Pike, the Shark, the Shad, &c.; and asked a friend of his in the revenue service to name one. His friend suggested that "The Salmon" would be appropriate. We have not heard that the name was adopted, or that Mr. Chase again asked his friend to name a cutter.

☞ A cat factory has been discovered in Paris. Poor puss was found in all conditions: skins drying for gloves, furs for muffs, and the materials for dinner delicacies.

☞ AN INDIAN'S OPINION OF A "FASHIONABLE TURNOUT."—There was an Indian chief at Newport, the past summer, who, seeing Belmont, the banker, riding with four horses, asked "if he had eaten so much dinner that it required four horses to carry him."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'BER 19, 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Very few persons know more of the Rev. Charles Wolfe than that he was the author of the famous lines "On the burial of Sir John Moore." A recent article in an English periodical informs us that Wolfe was the curate of Donoughmore, Ireland, and died of consumption in the Cove of Cork, on the 21st of Feb., 1823, at the early age of 31. The following account of the reception which his admirable poem first met with is curious:—

"A literary friend told me the following interesting anecdote of his elegy on the burial of Sir John Moore: '*Charles Wolfe*,' said he, 'showed me the lines in manuscript, with the beauty of which I was so much impressed, that I requested a copy, for insertion in a periodical in which I had some connection. Wolfe first refused, but in the end complied. I laid the ode before two or three of the literary savants who were in the habit of deciding what should or should not appear in their periodical. The lines were read, condemned and ridiculed; and I was laughed at for my imagining "*such stuff* worthy of publication." I felt myself in a very awkward position, but I got cleverly out of it. I wrote to Charles Wolfe, returning him his manuscript, saying, that on more mature consideration, I did not deem the periodical I had named worthy of its insertion.'"

The following was the account of the burial which suggested the poem. It appeared in the "*Edinburgh Annual Register*," written, it is believed, by the chaplain of the 9th Regiment, who read the prayers at the grave:—

"Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a party of the 9th Regiment, and the aide-de-camp attending, by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave. The funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with the earth."

The following beautiful lament, adapted to the Irish air of Gramachree, was also written by Wolfe:—

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
  I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
  That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had pass'd,
  The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
  And thou shouldst smile no more.
And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
  That I must smile in vain.
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

He was asked by a friend if "Mary" ever existed, and replied in the negative, saying he had hummed or sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words. It is further said, however, that Wolfe was in love with the beautiful Mary Grierson of Dublin, and there is therefore reason to suppose that it was her death which is so touchingly lamented.

Archdeacon Stuart describes the personal appearance of Wolfe as follows:—"The name of Charles Wolfe is connected with the earliest recollections of my youth. In stature he was rather above the ordinary height, and his person was somewhat slight. His complexion was fair, approaching to redness. His hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets, covered a high, but not very expansive forehead. His eye was not large, but a little prominent; the color blue, intermixed with a dark shade, which gave it the impress of intellect and intelligence."

Charles Wolfe was of the same family with that heroic General Wolfe who was killed at the siege of Quebec—dying in the very moment of victory. Probably the latter did not know of this fact when, on his way in the boat to his famous night attack, he recited the verses to Sir John Moore which had just appeared in print and declared he would rather be the author of those verses than a conqueror in the approaching battle. This proves that he also was a poet in soul, and therefore it is perhaps that his name also ever lingers like a sweet fragrance in the memories of men.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—At an election for Directors of the School of Design, held at a recent date at the School Rooms, corner of Filbert and Penn streets, the following persons were elected for the ensuing year:—Joseph Harrison, William Bucknell, F. P. Morris, Redwood F. Warner, William J. Horstman, James H. Orne, James L. Claghorn, George Whitney, Eli K. Price, David S. Brown, Joseph A. Wright, and John Welsh. This Institution is an excellent one, and deserves the encouragement and support of our best citizens.

GENTLEMEN'S CHRONOLOGICAL AND STATISTICAL ALMANAC AND MANUAL FOR THE YEAR 1865.—The second number of this work, containing an almanac for the coming year, with a considerable amount of chronological and statistical matter, has been compiled and published by *F. A. Cassidy, Camden, New Jersey*. We hope it will have a large sale.

THE SUNDAY HERALD.—This is the title of a new weekly paper, the first number of which is on our table. It is a good-looking sheet, and doubtless will be conducted with energy and ability. It is published by S. E. Cohen & Son, 106 S. Third St.

Money.

Money, let us concede, is not everything, but it is a very great deal. The young philosopher may smile at the solemn manner in which it is referred to by those who show reverence for little else; he may make merry with the serious change that comes over the cheery and good-tempered business-man while he is worshipping at Mammon's shrine; but there is really something wondrous and almost terrible in the power of money, and such as belongs to few other things. To have too much of it, is agreed upon all hands to be a very dangerous matter, likely to lead its possessor to his eternal ruin. When Garrick showed to Johnson his villa and his gardens, expecting to hear them admired, the lexicographer greatly disappointed him by replying: "Ah, David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!" On the other hand, an empty purse is said on good authority to be an equally perilous possession, and indeed has been entitled by a divine of the English church "the very devil." Finally, even moderate wealth has been inveighed against; that fatal gift, a little competence, which prevents a man from exerting his energies, and makes him useless all the days of his life.

But where Mammon shows himself most hateful and most strong, is when he is set in opposition to human love; when he stands frowning between two fond hearts that would fain be one; or sits upon the tomb of the dead, and unlinks the loving hands of the survivors, who now, that they have lost their common friend, should surely have journeyed on more closely knit together than ever. What a legacy of disappointment, and jealousy, and hate do men often leave behind them among those, too, against whom they may have had no ill-will! How often has the grave of a parent been the gulf which has sundered brother from brother for ever in this world! How often have Tenderness, and fostering Care, and the Self-sacrifice of a whole life, been erased from the conscious heart by a single pen-stroke in a dead man's will. The deepest affection is dried up, the honest gratitude is blunted; and Confidence and filial Love—the very elements which have most hallowed the Past—are plucked up in a moment by the roots, and cast aside for ever. The evil that we do lives after us; and the last deed we do—the making of our will—may sow more ill than all that we have planted in that teeming soil, the human heart, throughout our lives.

Good Advice.

We commend the following to our readers, of both political parties. It is from the *Philada. Ledger*:—

WHAT SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN AND WHAT REMEMBERED.—Now that the election is over, and the event decided for four years, there is no reason in keeping up the animosities, the heart burnings and hatred which a heated political excitement engendered. The man whose political opinions have not been sustained by the people, should quietly submit to the popular verdict, and those who have been successful should have magnanimity enough to be satisfied with the victory, without offensively parading it before the eyes of a political opponent. The strifes of the campaign should be forgotten, and with them should go into oblivion all the nicknames and bitter expletives applied so thoughtlessly and so harshly by political partizans upon each other. We should all remember that we are Americans, interested in the honor of our country and the stability of our government; and from this time out set aside our party estrangements, to unite in a common support to the measures necessary to restore the one to peace, and the other to its authority. Then will the nation prosper.

☞ The only practical joke in which R. Harris Barcham, better known as Thomas Ingoldsby, ever personally engaged, was enacted when he was a boy, at Canterbury. In company with a schoolfellow, he entered a Quaker meeting-house, when, looking around at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said, solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab-colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way and—" "The pie's yours, sir!" exclaimed young Barcham, placing it before the astonished speaker, and hastily effected his escape.

☞ A man was arrested a few days since, for drunkenness, and when questioned by the magistrate, he urged in excuse, that his saliva gave out, as he had been called upon to lick so many stamps in order to pay Uncle Sam his dues, that he was obliged to take to drinking to keep a coat upon his tongue.

☞ In 1810 Judge Taney was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died.

☞ OPENNESS.—Fear not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions. Answer to Him, and fear no man.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

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1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine,	$70.00
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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

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Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		6.00
Eight copies "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one of* THE POST,		4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

INCREASE OF QUAKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—For the first time in several years the Society of Friends report a positive increase of numbers, and an increased interest among the young members in favor of their worship. Last year sixty-one persons joined on "convincement." An increase of missionary spirit is also exhibited, not in the way of proselytism, but by religious efforts among neglected classes. It is said that the recent changes in the habits of society are the cause of this recovery of their former growth—the rigor of the older Friends having yielded to more modern ideas. From 1800 to 1855 upwards of four thousand persons have been disowned by the Friends of the United Kingdom, for marrying contrary to their laws.—*London Times.*

MARRIED ON HORSEBACK.—A wedding took place at Sherwood, Illinois, recently, the contracting parties being Mr. Josiah W. Crandall and Miss Helen B. Hurst. The ceremony was performed in front of the officiating clergyman's residence, the bridal party being on horseback, and the bride and her three brides-maids, (Miss Fanny C. Hurst, Julia Shellenberg, and Miss Mary M. Thurber,) dressed and mounted on cavalier. The novelty of the ceremony attracted a large company of the neighbors.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST will continue to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and to give weekly its solid and abundant columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

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A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine,	100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere at less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

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Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order*.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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Foot-Lights.

The London Athenæum, in view of a recent accident to an actress whose dress caught on fire from the foot-lights, makes these pertinent observations:

"Will any one state what are the advantages of illuminating the stage in the modern manner, from below—that is, so as to bring the intensity of the light with full power between the spectator's eyes and the objects at which he looks—to cast the shadows of every object in a manner which is not only the reverse of that which nature chooses, but actually contrary to the way in which the scene-painters represent their effects? Nothing is more absurd than this error. We see the painted shadows cast in the opposite direction to that of the actual ones, and this in scenes where illusion is the main object. Had nature intended the human face to be illuminated from below, she would have shaped it so as to produce something quite different from the ugly mask-like look which results from the modern system of theatrical lighting. By this curious device the features of a performer are put out of proportion with each other, the eyes are set in shaded cavities, the nose projects the wrong way, the upper lip is illuminated instead of having its thickness shaded, the eyeball cannot but glare and glitter unnaturally, the chin loses its expressiveness, and the light and shade of the countenance is broken up. *Lights* arranged in the sides of and above the stage, would not be liable to these objections; they would aid, instead of (as now) impeding the ventilation, and would insure audiences against seeing performers burnt alive before their eyes."

☞ A notorious Thug has been captured in the Sealkote district of the Punjab, who is accused of having been implicated in fifty-seven cases of poisoning, and has five times made his escape from prison.

☞ They manufacture matches in San Francisco, which can be trodden upon or rolled under foot without igniting; and which after having been manufactured a month, may be immersed in water ten or fifteen minutes, and when taken out will not only ignite, but hold a flame.

California for Consumptives.

A correspondent of the Salem Register, writing from Sacramento, Cal., gives the following interesting account of the climate of California as it affects the consumptive:—

It is now more than a year since I came to California. I have rounded a year; I have seen all the seasons; I have experienced the various annual changes of the climate; I have been a close observer of its influence on health, especially of those having lung troubles. Having had hemorrhages each spring, for three or four years, while in Salem, and having come to California, physically, for my health, I have thought that some of your New England readers might like to know the results of my observation and experience. I have lived in Sacramento, and shall speak principally of the climate as it is here, though there is little difference in this respect between Sacramento and the other towns in any of the great valleys of the state, away from the coast and mountains.

There are remarkable peculiarities about the climate in California. There is no place in the world, probably, where it has so much regularity and where the elements of change are so calculable. During the summer, from April to October—early or late—the wind from the frozen regions of the Pacific sweeps down from the north-west to the south-east, dashing spitefully against our western coast, and passing on towards Peru and Chili,—one of the most uniform and strong of the currents which make up the complicated system of trade winds. The great weight of this cold northern air and the barrier presented by the coast range of mountains make it hug the surface of the ocean, and prevent it from breaking over and spreading through the interior, till it reaches the Golden Gate. Here an opening presents itself, resembling the union of the small ends of two tunnels with the large ends turned, the one out into the Pacific towards the north-west, and the other into the country, opening eastward, northward, and southward. Of course, after the inland air is heated and rarified by each day's hot sun, the wind rushes through the throat of the tunnels with great violence, till the return of night brings an equilibrium of temperature, when the wind lulls. *San Francisco* is situated exactly on one side of the throat of the tunnels, where it is alternately caressed by the genial and quiet influence of the early sun, and then rasped by winds fresh from the northern ocean and the embrace of icebergs. This circumstance explains the fact that its climate, during the summer season, is generally regarded as fatal to those with lung disease. In the winter the trade wind does not blow.

But this same wind which breaks through the Gate during the summer, is the grand meteorological luxury and salvation of the whole interior of the state. Having passed the throat, it sweeps inward—north, south, east, following up all the streams and valleys, which centre, like the rays of an open fan, in Suisun Bay, the inmost extension of the Bay of *San Francisco*. It soon encounters the influence of the heat of the sun, and is modified. It looses its violence and sharpness, and visits the whole interior—the purest, balmiest, sweetest, most invigorating and welcome breeze imaginable. Here in Sacramento, owing to the situation of the valley, it comes from the south, and blows with great regularity for six months of the year, less in the fore part of the day, more towards night, but more or less nearly all the time. It is generally blowing from that quarter when you go to bed and when you get up. Hence you know which the dusty side of the street will be, and where to build your house, plant your vines, and hang your clothes' line, to keep them from the dust.

Occasionally, however, a north wind blows,—from what cause, or what original source, no one knows. It is a mystery, and a sorrow, to man, beast, and tree. When it begins, it rarely continues more than three days, and it comes perhaps once in a month,—hot, dry, debilitating, blasting.

Besides these features, of uniformity and regularity in the climate, there is no rain to look out for during the long summer, no dew, no electrical disturbances, no lightning or thunder, and few clouds.

In the winter, the weather cannot be calculated on with such nicety and certainty. But even then it seldom rains, unless the wind has come for some hours from the south-east.

The daily changes of temperature, during the dry season, may also be anticipated with exactness. During the afternoon and evening the southern or sea breeze sweeps the land with increased vigor, and after the sun sets, the thermometer indicates that the heat is becoming slowly less, less, less, till one needs a heavy coat when out doors, and two blankets to sleep under during the night. In the morning the sun shines out bright, but cool, and smiles coldly on a cool landscape. You doubt whether there is any great heat in it, or can be to-day; but as the day advances, the sun goes up, up, up, hot, hot, hotter, till the heat as heat—not by its debilitating, feverish or nervous effects—produces an unpleasant sensation, just as you dislike to hold your fingers on a hot tea-pot. This mid-day heat, however, has a peculiarity. It is singularly limited to the direct or reflected rays of the sun—is not diffused through the whole atmosphere. Hence, if you step under a tree, or into a room not close to the roof, you are cool enough. The contrast is amazing. Every twenty-four hours at least, therefore, a great heat changes almost imperceptibly into a great but delicious coolness, and the coolness into a great heat. The ordinary range is from 65 degrees to 86 degrees, though there are days in Sacramento when the thermometer reaches as high as 99 degrees in the shade, and other days, or nights rather, of midsummer, when it falls as low as 56 degrees. But these changes are so regular that you know just how to provide for them. You know at what hour you will need your thick pilot-cloth coat, and at what minute you can trust to a linen duster. You may wind up your habits like an eight days' clock, and know that they will come round, each in its place at the right time.

The dust and heat are the great obstacles to out-door exercise in the summer; but these may be overcome. You can reduce them to a minimum by a precise calculation.

For example, I rise at five o'clock in the morning; walk half a mile, taking in my hand, and eating by the way, some lumps of crushed sugar, on general sanitary principles; mount a horse; ride four miles to the East, on an unused road, which cuts the wind at right angles; then turn back, with the wind at the same angle on the other side of my face; and eat my steak or chop at seven o'clock with a will. And this is repeated, morning after morning, with the same sun, the same breeze at the same angle, for six weeks now. In this way I have a cool sun, not a particle of dust, and air oxygenated, genial, exhilarating, inspiring, and pure enough to gladden a fairy. During the heat of the day I keep within doors for the most part, but I am never too warm in my study on the lower floor of my house. We here are rarely tortured, if ever, with the feverish thirst and nervousness which make a hot day in a humid climate so trying.

Theoretically, therefore, this must be a good climate for consumptives. Yet persons die here of lung diseases in numbers—more, perhaps, than of any other disorder. Of the 380 deaths in Sacramento in 1863, 101 died of diseases seated in the respiratory system. It may be the inhalation of dust; or something in the protracted dryness of the atmosphere; or the great contrast between sun and shade; or the great change from the dry to the wet season; or the careless habits people form in relation to guarding against changes of temperature, when the changes are not painful or uncomfortable; or the undermining effects of chills and fever, of which there are more or less in all these valleys, away from the coast; or the prevalent use of intoxicating liquors, much of which is poisoned beyond the natural poison—from some cause multitudes who had the germs of the disease on coming, never recover, and others have the disease originate here.

Still I think this climate is, on the whole, a good one. I have met with a large number of persons who have told me that they had protracted colds or hemorrhages, and all the indications of lung disease, in the East, but who now have good health, and regard their lungs as sound. My own health, after the first two months, has improved.

But one who thinks of coming out here for his health needs to bear several things in mind. The first is the danger and the shock of the removal. The hard voyage; the change of living and habits; the hurried transition through widely different climates and scenes, just rapid enough to give the system the greatest shock without allowing it time to become attempered to them; and the different conditions here, cause nine persons out of ten to experience some sickness after arriving. To the invalid the effect is especially unfavorable. It requires great physical stamina to bear transplantation. The constitution must make new adjustments, with slow and uncertain benefits. It is always an experiment and a risk, with pretty certain injury at first.

Again, this region, as I have said, is more or less subject to chills and fever—Sacramento much less than most other valley towns farther away from the sea breeze. It is a great delusion in New England, that this disease and consumption are not likely to afflict the same person. Nothing is more common, where this disease has broken down the constitution, than for consumption to set in and complete the work; and rarely is one sick with consumption here, whom chills and fever do not in some stage help forward to the grave. Let one indulge in no hope for his lungs from the fact that he can here occasionally get a breath of miasma!

Again, on arriving one should beware of another stale lie, still going the rounds, here and in the East both. It is, that there is no danger of taking cold in the night air of California—a lie not unlike the one that one never takes cold at sea. The belief of this lie and bad whiskey have sent thousands of young men to premature graves in California. A friend who repeated it to me, and who told me he was in the habit after a hot day, of going out and lying on the porch and sleeping, I noticed during the conversation spitting blood and giving other indications of some chronic trouble with the throat or lungs! The night air is indeed delicious, but insidious and treacherous. You had better put on a thick coat and hat, before you take any whiffs of it.

Again, don't think you will want only thin, summer clothing in July and August. You will need thick Shaker-flannels even in the hottest weather, to break the severity of the transitions from out-doors to in-doors in the daytime, and to keep you comfortable in the open air at night; and they will not fret or irritate you, either.

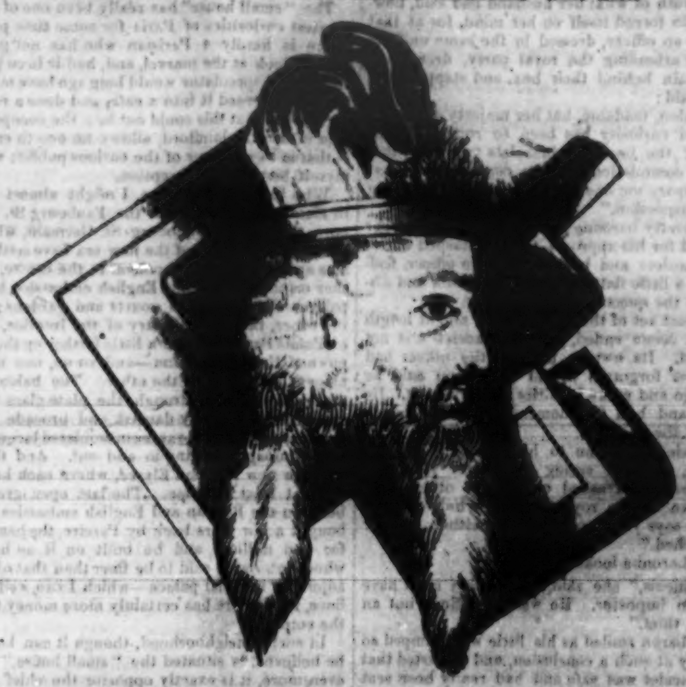
The seeker of health needs to retain all his old caution, and take some extra precautions, on coming to this climate. There is no panacea in California air. It is not a specific for lung troubles. Besides, he has on his hands the danger and burden of acclimation; and this is no superficial derangement, but involves a thorough constitutional readjustment of the system. If he comes thinking all will be well now that he has got to California, and straightway does as most Californians do, and becomes careless about the conditions of health, he will be likely to find as early a grave, to say the least, as if he had stayed at home. But if he has a cheerful trust in God, not in the climate, practices all his old vigilance, and adds new to it, adapted to the changed circumstances, and observes the laws and conditions of recovery, he may, in the end, with the blessing of God, be benefitted. But there is no charm or magic here for the recovery of health. One is thrown here, as elsewhere, upon the slow and inexorable conditions. With the observance of these, however, I know of no better climate, on the whole, for one predisposed to consumption, or in the early stages of it. If the disease is seated or much advanced, it is probable that the severity of the transition and the difficulty of acclimation would more than counteract the possible advantage from the increased salubrity of the air and regularity of climate. I. E. D.

☞ The ladies are now adopting a new fashion for buttons. Buttons on ladies have lately increased by degrees from the size of a pea to the dimensions of a four pound dumb bell and the area of a soup plate, now they are to be square. Yes, square. Next month they will be triangular, and in the spring they will exhibit the shape of a rhomboid.

☞ GREAT WINE YEAR IN FRANCE.—Foreign papers say that nothing can be more magnificent than the vintage this year in all parts of France. In the wine districts there is a superabundance of grapes. The proprietors of vineyards are actually puzzled to know what to do, their usual supply of casks having long been filled.

☞ A new song, by Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate's wife, entitled "The Alma River," has recently been published in London. It has been set to music by the same lady.

☞ An improved style of hazing has been introduced into Harvard College within a few weeks. It consists in the presentation of money and other articles to those worthy members who are in straitened circumstances. One student had his room entered during his absence, a new carpet put down, and coal and furniture provided. Not a student has yet been expelled for the outrage.



THE HON. TIMOTHY PEPPERCORN—AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

How Lard Oil is Made.

The following process is given in the Scientific American, as the mode of making lard oil in England:—

Woolen bags, close grained and manufactured for the purpose, are filled with the crude lard, taken from the tierce. A series of these bags are placed between the plates of immense hydraulic presses, where they remain about eighteen hours, under pressure of from 100 to 150 tons. By this means the lard oil is expressed in so pure a state that if a drop be taken on the tip of the finger, and held up to the light, it glistens like a diamond. The oil as it is pressed out is caught in a reservoir below, and from this it drains through a pipe into an immense cistern beneath the floor. Having once ascertained this interesting fact, the desire to "pass on" became stronger and stronger as the thoughts of the possibility of dropping through the rickety boards into the oily lake became more prominent to our mental vision. We wait, however, while a small phial is filled with a sample of the oil, which our guide considers it incumbent upon us to taste, in order to realize fully its good qualities as a lubricating agent. We next inspect the contents of one of the bags which has already undergone the necessary pressure, and find that it has not only assumed a more solid form, but has improved in color. Mr. Phillips having cut from the cake of compressed lard a square piece to carry with him for the purpose of comparison, we again join him in the enjoyment (?) of another little relish, and proceed on our way, marshalled by our guide, who carries like a trophy on the point of a stout jack-knife the snowy specimen.

Before finally quitting this department we are desirous of ascertaining what becomes of the oil which we have already seen dripping into the underground reservoir. A force pump raises it into pipes, through which it is conducted into a refining tank, and thence into a series of immense iron cisterns enclosed in a dark cavern-like chamber, heated with steam flues, and kept, winter and summer, day and night, at an even temperature. One of these tanks holds twelve tuns of oil, and the others about five tuns each. The contents after remaining under the influence of the regulated temperature, without being disturbed, for a certain time, are freed from any impurities that may remain before being sent on to the market.

HOW THE CAKES ARE REDUCED TO LARD.

When all the oil that it is possible to extract from the lard has been expressed, the remaining cakes are taken from the woolen cloths and thrown into a cistern, where they are liquified at a temperature of 150 degrees, and, transferred from this by means of pipes to the room which we shall now describe. In the centre is a range of immense pans, each heated by a steam chamber, reaching about half way up the outside. Over each pan is a tap, from which supplies of the liquid lard are drawn. The pans thus filled, and the necessary clarifying agents added, all is simmered together, for six hours, at a heat of 210 degrees. The impurities, with the clarifying agents, come to the surface in the form of a rough brown mass; and if, good reader, you were to mount the brick wall and look into one of the coppers, under the idea that you might see lard, you would be disappointed, unless, as in the case with us, some kind friend with a long stick were to probe the mass and extract a specimen from beneath. This, however, is not the usual means taken to release the pure material from the dross—it is drawn off in large tin vessels, by means of taps placed near the bottom of each boiler.

HOW THE LARD IS SOLIDIFIED.

Two large coppers, built on the floor at either end of the room, are filled with the liquid as we have just seen it. An air-pipe, two inches in diameter, enters the mass right in the centre, and keeps the lard in a state of incessant agitation until it begins to congeal, the process generally occupying about two hours. The air, permeating through every particle of the mass, renders it impalpably smooth and increases its whiteness. While still in a semi-liquid state, the copper is surrounded by men and boys. One lad hands up the bladder ready for filling; the stem of a funnel is inserted in the neck of the same; and before you can say "presto," it assumes that rotundity and snowy baldness so familiar to us all. The bladder is tied while floating in a tub of lukewarm water, and then popped, with extraordinary agility, by another boy into a vessel containing cold water, where a short time suffices to harden it. All around this apartment are ranged wide shelves groaning under the weight of the plump, chaste, though irregular-shaped balls. An immense stack of neat little kegs of the usual size, filled and fastened down ready for transmission to our retail provision stores, occupy one side of the apartment, and beside them a range of tins all filled in the same manner, but uncovered.

The Stolen Princess.

The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal gives the following romantic history:—"The blind young Princess of ——— was presented to the Empress Eugenie at Schwalbach a few days ago, and the utmost interest and sympathy were excited by her story. The lady is well known all over Germany; her princely domain is visited every year by crowds of strangers. The beautiful portrait of Cornelius in one of the salons is examined with much interest, and every one departs little dreaming that the large and soft blue eyes seeming to look from the picture so full of sweetness and benevolence, have in life no power to return the glances of sympathy and kindness directed towards them. The story of the Princess is perhaps the most touching romance of the nineteenth century. As a child she had been stolen from the gardens of the very chateau she now inhabits. A careless nurse, bent on her own enjoyment, had suffered her master's child to stray towards the river, and when, in answer to the frantic appeals and the search made in every direction, no signs of the infant's presence could be discovered, it was concluded that she had fallen into the river, and got drowned. The despair of the mother was beyond all description; but the idea of the child's death, accepted by all beside, was rejected entirely by her. The river had been dragged, no trace of the corpse had been found, and so after a few years' time, when the death of the Prince her husband had released her from the obligations to remain in the chateau, she gave up the domain into the hands of her brother-in-law, and set out upon a strange pilgrimage all over the Continent, fully convinced that she would find one day or other the object of her search. The sums of money spent in the pursuit, the time, the toil, the anxiety absorbed upon every high road, need not be described. During the embassy of Prince Talleyrand she came to London, and was received by Queen Adelaide with the utmost kindness and sympathy. Soon afterward she went once more to the south, still bent on finding her lost child. One day, the carriage climbing slowly up one of the steep hills in the neighborhood of Lausanne, she was accosted by a beggarwoman, holding by her hand a poor blind girl, for whom she was imploring alms. The girl looked gentle and sweet-tempered, resembling in no way the harsh vixen whom she called mother. The inmate of the carriage had fallen into a doze, and the woman bade the girl sing to arouse the lady. The song was a vulgar ditty belonging to the district, with no romance to insure attention, and yet it woke the lady from her trance; something in the voice reminded her of a sister lost many years before, and she stopped the postillions while she questioned the girl as to her origin. The day and hour had come at last; every word uttered by the maiden confirmed the suspicion of identity. Memory was confused—it had vanished with her sight—but by dint of threats and promises the woman was made to confess that she had purchased the girl when quite an infant from a beggarwoman like herself, who owned to having deprived her of sight in order to excite compassion. The locality whence the child had been taken was proof sufficient of the truth. The Princess returned home with her poor blind companion, and devoted her whole life to the prospect of cure as she had done before to that of discovery. But all attempts failed, and the mother then gave herself up entirely to the education of her helpless charge. In this she succeeded perfectly, and the Princess is considered one of the most accomplished reciters of Uhland and Schiller in all Germany. Before dying, the fond mother reaped her reward in the marriage of her daughter with the young Prince, her nephew, and this consolation is the greatest that could be felt by her friends. The young Princess recited with the most exquisite clearness and pathos two scenes from Count d'Egmont and 'The Diver,' on her visit to the Empress, while the imperial lady listened entranced, the large tears rolling down her cheeks, as she gazed on the wreck which the wickedness and cupidity of man had made of one of the most beautiful works of God's own creation."

☞ An engineer on the Northwestern Railroad, near Chicago, last week, saw an infant crawling in the grass toward the track. He reversed the engine, and, at the risk of his life, saved the child before it was cut to pieces. The mother, paralyzed with terror, viewed the scene without being able to move a step to save her infant.

☞ Little Nannie is a close student of the Bible, but not very clear as to some points. "Ma," said she, one Sunday evening, after having sat a good child all day in the house, "have I honored you to-day?" "I do not know, Nannie; why do you ask?" said her mother. "Because," said little Nan, shaking her curls sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long;' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

LATEST NEWS.

Army of the Potomac advices say that on Wednesday evening a force of rebels were discovered massing in front of Fort Stedman. The fort opened fire, driving the enemy back. A brisk artillery duel then ensued for a short time. The pickets in front of the Second Corps were engaged pretty lively during Thursday night.

Atlanta was attacked three times by the rebels on Wednesday morning last. Shells were thrown in as far as the rolling mill. The rebels got within one hundred yards of our works, but were finally driven off and retreated towards Macon.

General Sherman's movements are still in doubt. A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette denies that Atlanta has been evacuated, and the Chicago Tribune publishes a despatch stating that General Sherman had written to the Western Sanitary Commission, that he might probably visit Andersonville, Georgia, in person, to deliver the supplies to our prisoners.

Sheridan's main army is in the neighborhood of Winchester. The enemy is at New Market. There have been no active movements recently.

The particulars of the capture of Plymouth, N. C., by our fleet, have been received. Some forty prisoners, forty pieces of heavy and twelve pieces of light artillery, and a large quantity of small arms, are among the trophies.

The steamer Nova Scotia, from Liverpool on the 3d inst., passed Cape Race on Saturday. The steamer Jura, from Quebec, ran ashore at the mouth of the Mersey, on the 1st, and became a wreck. The mails, passengers and crew were saved.

☞ In England the Bible is now supplied for twelve cents, the New Testament for four cents, the Gospels for two cents each.

☞ An engine made by James Watt is in operation at the Etruria Works, England, and does its work as well as when first made. It is a condensing engine of forty-horse power, and its great curiosity consists in its being worked by the "sun and planet" motion, instead of the "crank." It is the only engine of the kind in existence.

☞ The Indians call the telegraph the whispering spirit.

☞ Some weeks ago a worthy family in Detroit received additions to their household circle in the shape of twins, both boys. A day or two ago the youngsters were baptized, and received their respective names, George Henry and James William. In order to tell one from the other, both being dressed precisely alike, a blue ribbon was tied around the arm of the former, but a stupid servant-girl, after the fond parents had returned home, removed the mark, and now they are unable to tell "which from which."

☞ A boy thirteen years old died in Chichester, N. H., recently, who weighed 385 pounds. It took 115½ feet of boards to make his coffin. It was so large that it could not be taken into the house. The corpse was bound upon timber and carried to the coffin outside the house.

☞ M. Babinet, of the French Institute, has discovered the means of cooking without fire. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is:—Place your food in a black pot, covered with sundry panes of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of better flavor than if cooked in the ordinary way.

☞ The Louisville Journal says that when the guerillas made an attack on the train on the Lexington railroad, on Tuesday, on which Hon. Montgomery Blair was a passenger, that gentleman took a child from its mother's arms, stepped from the cars with the bright cherub pressed to his bosom, claimed to be the father of the rosy-cheeked darling, was very tender and solicitous in regard to its welfare, and played his part so well that the guerillas passed him by—the ex-member of the Cabinet thus escaping capture.

☞ J. W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, still lives at Coloma, a poor but respectable citizen.

☞ A surgeon, accompanying a regiment, had his tent appropriated by the colonel, and he complained to the general, and wound up by saying that "he had not so much as a fly to interpose between his head and the starry-decked heavens above him!" He received his reply back, endorsed: "The colonel must cause a fly 'to be interposed between the doctor's head and the starry-decked-heavens above him.'"

☞ The fever of speculation in Boston is at its height. The mining stocks now in the market represent no less than two hundred and forty-eight enterprises, embracing copper, gold, coal, iron, lead, plumbago, antimony, &c.

☞ "As an exemplification," writes Mr. Conway to The Commonwealth, "of the ignorance with regard to Americans which one sometimes finds, even in the best society in England, let me mention that Professor Rogers, of Boston, was the other day asked by a lady, at a dinner party (where I was present,) whether the English language was to any great extent spoken in the United States!"

☞ CRITICISM OF SHAKSPEARE BY A SAILOR.—President Felton in his "*Familiar Letters from Europe*," recently published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, relates the following incident that occurred on the good ship Daniel Webster in which he was a passenger in 1853: "Last night I read some passages from the Midsummer Night's Dream to the captain. When I came to the description of the mermaid riding upon the dolphin's back, he pronounced it a humbug. The dolphin's back is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him."

☞ At Birdsisle, England, recently, a boy was sentenced to six months hard labor in jail, for taking six walnuts from a tree which did not belong to him. And yet the English pretend to be a civilized people.

☞ A good story is going the rounds of the London painting-rooms. It is to the effect that two persons were seen looking at Sir Edwin Landseer's noble picture of the bears in the Arctic regions growling over the broken mast, when one of the gazers was heard to say to the other: "Look, Jim, they've torn down the North Pole!" A friend tells me as a companion to this, that on Whit-Monday he saw several people in the Pantheon surrounding Hayden's picture of "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," under the full impression that the hero was Garibaldi, while another friend relates that during the Exhibition he saw a party of "swells" halt before Delaroche's "Floating Martyr," when the foremost of them, a lady, said: "Here it is again! Oh, dear, how sick I am of this Colleen Bawn!"

CUI BONO?

BY AUGUST BELL.

I.

A youth lay dreaming on a bank,
Among the sweet red clover,
Watching the waves flow out to sea,
While the sun stood laughing over.
His dreams were proud—his happy heart
Beat lightly as a wave;
He held the whole world in his hand,
He felt so strong and brave.

II.

But youth passed by, and manhood came,
With no time left for dreaming;
Again he stood upon the bank,
A sad man, full of scheming.
Hard toil for every little gained,
The great world all unsparing,
His many idols turned to clay
Had dulled his early daring.

III.

And as years fled, and hopes fell off
With scant and poor fruition,
The old man closed his weary eyes
To every worldly vision;
And where kind strangers made his grave,
The faithful sun shines over;
No rose nor cypress marks the spot,
Only the sweet wild clover.

IV.

Was that life wasted? Faith says, no!
Though no one heeds his story;
His dreams all failed, his willing hands
Won him no crown of glory.
But toils, and tears, and lack of love,
Borne meekly to Christ's feet,
Will change to harvestings of bliss,
No dreamer dreamt how sweet!

—*Clark's School Visitor.*

MADAME LA BARONNE DE V------'S DIAMOND BRACELETS.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

The evening of the fifteenth of February, 183- was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the grand opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie. The *affiches* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock (for be it remembered, the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours) carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysees, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V———, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one-and-twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of hearts-ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V——— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V——— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V———. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said:

"Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection."

The pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adele," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast.

"Francois," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux thief.*"

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V——— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3,000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V——— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V——— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him.

"I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V——— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business, have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely.

"The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V———.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learnt the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V———, "do you not think I would trust you, monsieur Inspecteur, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons.

"What does monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood madame la baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspecteur," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and the inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysees, where they found Madame de V——— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's secondhand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V———'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

MARIET.

The Small House at Paris.

The "small house" has really been one of the greatest curiosities of Paris for some time past. There is hardly a Parisian who has not gone once to look at the marvel, and, had it been possible, some speculator would long ago have taken the house, turned it into a cafe, and done a roaring trade. But this could not be: the occupant, who is also the landlord, allows no one to enter—that is to say, none of the curious public: with myself he made an exception.

Who in Paris, in France, I might almost say in Europe, does not know the Faubourg St. Honore, the modern Faubourg St. Germain, where all the great people of the new era have settled? The splendid Elysee Napoleon in the centre, farther on the Russian and English embassies, huge palaces with extensive courts and gardens; on the other, the new Ministry of the Interior, the ex-Palais Beauvau, and a little farther on the renowned Hotel Castellane—and so on, one magnificent edifice after the other. The balconies are richly gilded; through the plate-glass windows you see costly damask and brocade curtains; in all the court-yards embroidered lacqueys, and equipages driving in and out. And then, too, the new Rue de l'Elysee, where each house costs at least a million. The last open ground between the Russian and English embassies was bought a few years back by Pereire, the banker, for two millions, and he built on it an hotel, whose interior is said to be finer than that of the adjoining imperial palace—which I can well believe, for Pereire has certainly more money than the emperor.

In such a neighborhood, though it can hardly be believed, is situated the "small house," and even more, it is exactly opposite the chief gate of the Elysee, so that their majesties' glance must involuntarily fall on it in riding out. But as their majesties do not live in the Elysee, and the master's eye has not yet been offended by this incomprehensible anomaly, the house has stood there quietly, and will continue to do so, for it has its history. The ground landlords on the right and left made the owner brilliant offers, but to no effect; the small house still stands on the spot where it stood in the last century.

Under the Restoration and the Government of July the small house was forgotten and unnoticed: not surprising, for the Elysee was unoccupied and so neglected that a part of the side-buildings fell down. There were palaces enough in and round Paris, and the favorite palace of Napoleon I. was certainly the last the Bourbons or the Orleans would have liked to occupy. During the presidency of 1849 and 1850, Prince Louis Napoleon resided there, and performed the coup d'etat at it. But this is an old story.

It was just after the coup d'etat that the small house began to be talked about. One of the doorkeepers at the Elysee had noticed for some time past a strange and very alarming sight at the opposite house. Whenever the prince president rode or drove out, the curtains were gently parted at one of the low windows, and a swarthy bearded face became visible, which gazed at his highness—people were beginning to use the word then. This was daily repeated: whenever the Elysee gates were opened, and the usual roll of the drum was heard, the curtains parted, and behind them always appeared the same swarthy bearded face. The gatekeeper told his comrades, and they repeated it to the footmen, each, of course, with his own comments. At length the attendant heard of it; from him it passed to the adjutant, and the latter at length imparted it to General Rollin, commandant du chateau, very secretly: for that the matter was suspicious and dangerous was self-evident. Who knew what might be going on behind those curtains vis-a-vis? perhaps a conspiracy against the prince's life, or even an infernal machine? The spot was admirably adapted for such an attempt: no better could be selected in all Paris. The general inquired about the inhabitants of the opposite house, quietly, of course, in order not to arouse any premature suspicion or alarm the conspirators. But he only learned generalities: on the ground floor there were two small shops, as there are now, a lingerie and a cremerie; between them the narrow house-door, leading in a dark passage; the two windows of the single story, small and low; above them a couple of mansardes, still smaller and lower, and that was all. The whole house was dirty and decrepit; the No. 86, a large porcelain plate, white on a blue ground, was the sole clean and elegant part of the building.

The prince president had accidentally heard, too, about his unpleasant neighbor, and his curiosity was aroused. The next time he went out the ominous face again appeared at the curtains, and stared at the prince. The latter bowed politely (at that day he knew how to salute people as kindly as ever prince managed it,) the window was dragged open, and a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" was shouted. Only think! Scarce two months after the coup d'etat, which consolidated the Republic again, and when the Maire of St. Cloud had just been degraded for having begun his official proclamations with those prohibited words.

So then a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" and the next moment the man with the fearful face—which, however, did not look near so terrible—was at the carriage-door, and kissing the prince's boots, coat, and hands—in short, everything he could clutch. They tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside, and cried to the prince: "Enfin, sire, vous voila de retour. Ca a ete bien long! bien long!" and then burst into tears. The prince was affected, and offered the old man his hand, who stood as if glorified, and gave all sorts of unconnected answers to the questions asked him. When he grew calmer, he told what he had on his heart. He was seventy-two years of age, a veteran of the First Empire, served in Egypt, fought in twenty battles, and, what was the chief thing, was a personal friend of the Mameluke Rustan. Rustan! Among the prince's suite was one who remembered that Rustan had really once lived in the small house which the Emperor gave him. "Quite right," the old man answered, "we lived there together, and he died there, too. Everything is the same up-stairs as it used to be." The prince president had already got out of the carriage and prepared to enter the house: his officers followed him. Up-stairs are two small rooms, one of which, Rustan's former apartment, is a sort of museum. On the walls are the various uniforms and arms of the Mamelukes, and numerous other trifles from the campaign, among them the flask from which General Bonaparte drank in Egypt. In the centre is a species of altar, with the Emperor's bust; on a small velvet cushion the cross of the Legion, fastened to a faded red ribbon. Everything clean and cleverly looked after, however. In the side room there is a field-bed, with a table and chair; on the wall an old Hussar uniform from the First Emperor, the shako with the bright yellow plume eighteen inches high, and so on.

The prince president examined everything, and asked for explanations. The details in the old man's story were exceedingly comical, and occasioned general merriment. Thus he had inhabited the small house for upwards of thirty years, without any title, for he simply inherited it from Rustan, who said to him: "When I am dead, do you keep the house, they will leave you in it, only tell them that the Emperor gave it to us."

Strange to say, the municipality of Paris, though usually so punctilious, left the old man at peace, recognized him as proprietaire, and taxed him accordingly. No one is happier in the whole affair than the two shop-keepers, who, in the second generation, pay the same rent as in 1826, fifteen hundred francs, although rents in Paris, and especially in this aristocratic quarter, have gone up sixfold. But the old man is contented with little, as his wants are small, and his tenants treat him like a father.

The prince president asked him, however, whether he wanted anything, and what he could do for him. The old man, who continually confounded the prince with the first Emperor, and would not understand that he was the nephew—for l'Empereur ne meurt pas—had no wish but that he might be left at peace at his window, and not have a policeman at his heels when he took his morning walk in the Champs Elysees, as General Rollin had unwisely ordered. At length, however, something occurred to him: "Sire," he said, for he never addressed the prince otherwise, "I am sure you keep a better table than I do; and wine, too, has been so bad and dear lately, if you now and then—" the prince did not allow him to finish, but promised him a dish and a bottle of wine daily. This promise was strictly kept, and so long as the prince occupied the Elysee, a lacquey could be seen daily crossing the road with various dishes and bottles, "de la fait de son altesse," as the footman always said—"de sa majeste," as the old man always angrily corrected him. But as he drank but little, he often invited a couple of wooden legs from the Invalides, his friends from Wagram or Jena, and the greybeards toped and sang in the little up-stairs room, as they did in the bivouack on the eve of a battle, when the Emperor silently passed them, and bade them not disturb themselves on his account. But this always took place in the old man's own room, not in the one where Rustan died, through respect for the relics. The guest only went there when they broke up, and looked piously at the different things; if a tear happened to rise in the eye of one of them, the host would say half angrily, half frankly: "Bete, pourquoi pleures tu? puisquil est de retour." This was ever the great refrain, as is the case with all the Invalides of the First Empire.

When the prince quitted the Elysee, and as emperor occupied the Tuileries, he at once remembered his old neighbor, and sent for him to tell him that he should send him his dinner as before. "Je vous le disais bien, sire," was the old man's laconic answer; "que l'Empereur n'etait pas mort." In the following years he was frequently seen walking in the Tuileries garden, always under the Emperor's windows, which he saluted to the annoyance of many too zealous lacqueys, but he was not interfered with as he was known. Afterwards I saw him several times behind his curtains in the Faubourg St. Honore, but he looked unhappy, and had grown very old. The small house, however, still remains as of yore on the old spot.

A Remarkable Fact.

It is undoubtedly a remarkable fact that the rabbis of the middle ages, the Cabalists especially, already supposed that there are inhabited planets besides this earth. This hypothesis is expressed in the following fable, which we translate from the Solomonic fables in the *Beth Hamidrash*, by Jellenick, part IV., which were already published in the year 1518, at Constance.

In the days of Solomon the king of Israel one day, Ashmodai, the king of demons, asked the king, "Art thou the man of whom it is to be said, 'And he was wiser than every man?'"

"So, at least, has God promised me."

"If thou choosest, I will show thee something thou hast never seen."

"Do so," said the king, and Ashmodai stretched forth his hands and brought up from the sphere called *Thebet*, a man with two heads and four eyes. Tremblingly the king commanded, "Bring him in my private apartment;" then he sent after Benaiah, son of Jehoiadah and asked him, "Believest thou in the existence of human beings besides on this earth?"

"As thy soul lives, O king, I know not," said Benaiah, "still Ahitophel, thy father's preceptor maintained that there were human beings below us as well as with us."

"And if I show thee one, what wilt thou say then?"

"How is it possible so to do," said Benaiah, "when the earth has a depth of five hundred years' journey, and the distance of one earth from the other is also five hundred years' journey?"

Solomon sent for the man. Benaiah, on seeing him, fell upon his face and exclaimed:

"Praised be the Lord who permitted us to behold this."

He then asked the man,

"Whose son art thou?"

"I am a son of Adam through Cain."

"Where do you live?"

"On the earth Thebet."

"Have you a sun or moon?"

"We have both. We plough and sow, have sheep and herds."

"Where rises the sun on your sphere?"

"In the West and he sets in the East."

"Do you pray and what?"

"We pray 'How manifold are Thy works, O God, Thou hast harmonized them all in Thy wisdom.'"

This portion of the fable suffices to prove that they had a knowledge of the hypothesis that other planets are inhabited.

In the same *Midrash* we are told, as the pith of the fable, that Ashmodai could not bring the man back to the sphere Thebet, and he was obliged to remain on earth. He worked, married, and got rich. He had six sons with one head each like their mother, and one son with two heads like himself. After his demise the double-headed son claimed two portions of the father's property, as he claimed to be a double person. The cause was brought before King Solomon, who after prayer, resorted to this expedient. He suddenly poured hot water on one head, and both heads feeling the pain simultaneously, both mouths cried aloud. Solomon then decided that both heads belonged to one person only.—*The Israelite.*

THE BLACKBIRD.

Hear the merry blackbird's song,
In a cloud of sweet mayflower,
Near my window all day long,
Singing gayly by the hour;
Spring's first leaves are flitting down,
Cherry blooms the pathway fill,
Lilac leaves are golden brown,
Still I hear the blackbird's trill,
Trill! trill!
To such piping can my heart be still;
Trill! trill!
With a golden bill.

Snowy flakes of apple bloom
Fill the early summer breeze,
In the wood a greener gloom,
Twilights o'er the leafy trees;
Spring is passing, spring is gone,
Beautiful in wayward will,
Gone the first bright leaves that shone,
Still I hear the blackbird's trill,
Trill! trill! &c.

Heart! be thine the blackbird's song,
Said I, when I heard the lay,
Cheery, ev'ry change among,
When the first flow'rs fade away;
Flow'rs of hope that fruit may bear,
O'er the paths which mem'ries fill;
But as well be gay as grieve;
Hear the merry blackbird's trill;
Trill! trill! &c.

The Revolution of Costume in the course of a Century.

Revolutions in costume are periodical, as are almost everything else in this world. From the beginning of this century, when dresses were reduced to their narrowest proportions, they have gradually increased in size till they have become so unseemly and uncomfortably distended that it is neither safe nor possible to wear them. Of course this applies more to feminine than to manly costume; but both are progressing in a parallel line on the racing ground of fashion. Singularly enough, the tendency towards distension regularly coincides with the progress of the century. When a century, for instance, is in its first years, civilized humanity seems to feel young, and in no way eager to conceal under a pile of garments the beautiful forms granted to the "lord of creation." As the century advances in years fashion assumes matronly ideas, and stately notions quite unknown to the preceding generations of *beaux*. And when the century approaches towards its completion, then all the resources, all the craft of millinery, tailoring, and perfumery are brought to bear on the means of dissimulating old age and decrepitude. In the beginning of a century man is not ashamed of himself. With the sunny confidence of youth he walks in the streets and appears at assemblies dressed as nearly as possible as the man of nature. In the latter part of the century youth itself seems to delight in assuming the appearance of old age. The examination of any book of costume affords numberless illustrations of this inscrutable law of revolutions in dress, from the middle ages down to our own time. Writing and preaching against fashion have in all time not only been perfectly useless, but made the wearer more determined to persevere in it, however unseemly, ridiculous, or even dangerous to wear. Some days ago three of the *demi-monde*, dressed in the light garments worn at the beginning of the present century, appeared in the garden of the Tuileries, and caused, as it may be imagined, an immense sensation. But they were not allowed to enjoy long the benefit of being stared at in wonderment by the promenaders of the Parisian garden. Authority, under the form of a three-corner-hatted *sergen de ville*, expelled them from the fashionable garden. It appears that each of them had adopted one of the colors of the French tri-color. The question is to know if the ladies were expelled for want of respect for the French flag, or for their bold protestations against the prevailing fashion introduced by the Spanish lady who reigns at the Tuileries. There is no fear that such an attempt will be repeated in Hyde Park, for the simple reason that no lady would dream of making such experiments in public. Men's costume is naturally less exaggerated in form than the dresses of the fair sex. It is also slower in its secular development. Hats, for instance, although from time to time slightly modified in type, keep during a century the same general form. The eighteenth century was condemned to the ridiculous three-cornered hat; the nineteenth is doomed to the still uglier chimney-pot. General Foy, writing on military costume, considered it an immense boon for the soldier the superseding of the breeches by the trowsers. He held that the suppression of the garter gave much more easiness to the movements of the leg. But the opinion of Foy is no longer partaken of by the French military authorities, since, irresistibly drawn in the circle of revolving fashion, they have come back to breeches and leggings for French infantry. A similar attempt made by the volunteers in England is very likely to lead our sons in a given time back to the costume of our fathers. As it is, we may fairly expect that the prevailing fashion of enormously-distended dresses is to prevail during the rest of the century in spite of all its perils and its ugliness. Our grandmothers had the doors of their houses raised and enlarged to allow the introduction of their head-dresses and their hoops. Until such alterations have been largely practised in our constructions, carriages, theatres, ball-rooms, &c., there is no chance of seeing the taste for the present bell-shaped dresses diminish or begin to disappear.—*Observer.*

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—A traveller in China, in speaking of burials there, says:—"In point of fact, the corpse is buried in China, when it is laid in its coffin. The coffin is made of very thick heavy timber, and the joints are all carefully closed by pasting layers of paper over them, so as to make them perfectly air-tight. For greater security a little lime is generally put in with the corpse. In this way it is possible to keep the corpse in the house for years, without any unpleasant consequences. The practice, indeed, is not uncommon. Some have not the means at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days. Some do not find a place to suit them. Thus it sometimes happens that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

☞ The Chinese language has no regular grammar. The tone of the voice indicates the verb half the time, it is said.

A SINGING BIRD.

My soul is dull—through all this day,
Its drooping life will not be stirred;
I'll go a street's length from my way,
To hear the singing of a bird.

A little bird, in wire-bound cage,
Suspended o'er the dusty path,
That more than poet's brightest page,
The power, methinks, to cheer me hath.

I've heard it many times ere now,
When pressed by toil's dull weariness;
And through my soul has passed a glow
I could but feel, not all express.

Ah, there it is! 'mid dust and din,
What wondrous charm is in that voice!
It wakes the dormant life within,
And in its joy doth it rejoice.

Still clearer, brighter, every note
Comes sparkling out in silver showers;
Ah! now my soul is all afloat,
In dreams of fields and dew-lit flowers.

The fair hedge-rose and clover sweet,
With odor blend of new-mown hay,
I hear the streamlet's dabbling feet
Above the cool white pebbles play.

It poureth out a soaring strain,
Now soft and low, a soothing hymn;
I thrill with joy through every vein—
I drink repose in woodlands dim.

I wake refreshed—where is the cloud
That dimmed my life a while ago?
Yet I am still among the crowd,
That toil-worn passes to and fro.

Who would not, on a summer's day,
When life may thus be sweetly stirred,
A street's length wander from his way,
To hear the singing of a bird?

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART LIII.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN HOME AGAIN.

Captain Davenal and his wife had been expected in England in December—as you have heard; but the time went on, and February was at its close before they arrived. They had been compelled to land at the Cape in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Davenal, and had to remain there some time. She had come into a very large fortune on the death of her father; a considerable portion of it was settled upon her, and the rest, a munificent sum, lapsed to her husband. So Captain Edward Davenal was once more at his ease in this world of changes.

Gay, handsome, free, sunny, it might have been thought that not an hour's care had ever been upon him. No allusion to a certain dark episode of the past escaped his lips when he and his sister met: there were no signs that he so much as remembered such a trouble had ever been. They were the present guests of Lady Reid, and would remain so for a short time. It was Captain Davenal's intention to take a furnished house for a term. His leave of absence was for two years; but they did not care to be stationary in London the whole of the period. Sara was charmed with his wife; a gentle, yielding, pretty thing, looking so young as to be a girl still, and dividing her love between her husband and infant son, a fine young gentleman born at the Cape. A dread fear assailed Sara Davenal's heart as she looked upon her; for that curious matter, touching the young woman who claimed to be connected with Captain Davenal, had never been cleared up. Not since the previous December had Sara once observed her approach the house: but she had twice seen her in conversation with Neal at the end of the street, the last time being the very day of the arrival of Captain Davenal. It was altogether strange in Sara's opinion: if the young woman fancied she really had a legal claim of the nature she mentioned on Captain Davenal, why had she not asserted it openly? If she had no such claim, if she were an imposter, for what purpose had she put the claim forth? There had been no demand for silence money; no attempt at extortion. However it might be, Sara's duty was plain, now Captain Davenal had arrived, to acquaint him with the circumstances.

"I have some papers to give you," Sara whispered to her brother at Lady Reid's, the night of his arrival there.

"Papers? Oh! yes, I suppose so. I shall be with you to-morrow."

So he had not quite forgotten the affair. On the conclusion of the matter with Mr. Alfred King, Sara had sealed up certain papers and receipts, according to the written directions of Dr. Davenal; and these she waited to put into her brother's hand.

Mrs. Cray was with them still. She had taken to her bed-room entirely now, and was gradually dying. Mark was with her. His difficulty with the Great Wheal Bang's shareholders, and particularly with that one cautious shareholder who had saluted Mark so unpolitely on his landing from Havre, was virtually over: Mark enjoyed liberty of person again, and things were in process of adjustment. Miss Davenal so far overcame her repugnance to Mark as to allow him to be in her house, but it was only in consideration of Caroline's dying state. They could do nothing for her. They painted her clothes with iodine as she lay on the sofa day after day before the camber fire; it was the only thing that brought any alleviation to the pain.

It happened that Captain Davenal's first visit to the house was paid at an opportune moment, in-so-far as that his interview with his sister was free from fear of interruption. Miss Davenal had gone to Lady Reid's, to see and welcome the travellers, Neal in attendance upon her; and Caroline was asleep. Mark Cray was in the city; he had to go there frequently, in connection with the winding up of the company and the concerns of the Great Wheal Bang.

Captain Davenal came in, all joyous carelessness, telling Dorcas, who admitted him, that she looked younger and handsomer than ever; and poor Dorcas—who was not young at all, and had never been handsome in her life—felt set up in vanity for a month to come. Sara was in the drawing-room. It was the first time of their being alone, and Captain Davenal held her before him and scanned her face.

"What has made you get so thin?"

"Am I thin?" she returned.

"Dreadfully so. I have been telling Dorcas that she's handsomer than ever, but I can't say the same of you. What is the cause, Sara?"

"I think people do get thin in London," she replied with some evasion. "But let me be rid of my charge, Edward."

She went to her bed-room and brought down Dr. Davenal's desk. To Edward's surprise, he saw that it was bound round with a broad tape and sealed. When Sara had placed the papers in the desk, received from Mr. Alfred King, she had immediately sealed up the desk in this manner; a precaution against its being opened.

"What's that for?" exclaimed Captain Davenal, in his quick way, as he recognized the desk and to whom it had belonged. "Did my father leave it so?"

Sara replied by telling him her suspicions of the desk's having been opened; and that she had deemed it well to secure it against any future inroads when once these papers were inclosed in it.

"But who would touch the desk?" he asked. "For what purpose? Was young Dick at home at the time?"

"Dick was not at home. But Dick would not touch a desk. I would not answer for Dick where a jam cupboard is concerned; but in anything of consequence Dick's as honorable as the day. I suspected Neal, Edward."

"Neal?"

"I did. I feel half ashamed to say so. Do you remember telling me that papa had a suspicion, or doubt, whether Neal had not visited some of his letters?"

"I remember it. I thought my father was wrong. Neal! Why, Sara, I'd as soon suspect myself."

"Well, I can only tell you the truth—that when I found cause to fear this desk had been surreptitiously opened, my doubts turned to Neal. You see, we have no one about us but him and Dorcas; and Dorcas I am certain is trustworthy. But I admit that it was in consequence of what you told me that I cast any doubt on Neal. However it may have been, I deemed it well to secure the desk afterwards."

She had been opening the desk as she spoke, and she took from it a sealed packet and handed it to Captain Davenal. He opened it at once, and glanced over its contents, two or three papers, one by one, slightly drawing in his lips.

"What a shame!" he burst forth.

She did not like to ask questions. She only looked at him.

"That they should have *bled* my father in this manner. Scoundrels! I was away, therefore the game was in their own hands. Did you read these papers, Sara?"

"I was obliged to read them; to see that they tallied with copies that papa left. He left written instructions that I should do so."

"To whom was this money paid?"

"To Mr. Alfred King. Don't you see the receipts?"

"I'd walk ten miles before breakfast any morning to see the fellow hung. It's what he'll come to."

"He told me that he and you had once been friends," she said in a half whisper.

"And so we were. I believed in the fellow; I had no suspicion that he was a villain, and I let him draw me into things from which I could not extricate myself. I was a fool; and I had to pay *for* it."

In Sara's inmost heart there arose unbidden a rebellious thought: that others had had to pay for it; not Captain Davenal.

"Did it affect my father's health, this business?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I fear it did," she replied, feeling that she could not avoid the confession. "I am sure it affected him mentally. There was a great change in him from that night."

Captain Davenal folded the papers slowly and pushed them into his waistcoat pocket, in his usual careless fashion.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered; "and what a rogue was that other!"

"Are they safe there, Edward?"

"Safe enough until I get home. They will be burnt, then, except this final receipt. Oh, if my father had but lived! I could at least have repaid him his pecuniary loss. It took all he left behind him I suppose to satisfy it?"

"Yes: all."

"He told me he feared it would, or nearly all, in the letter he wrote me when he was dying. Did things realise well?"

"No, very badly. There was not enough to satisfy the claim by two hundred pounds. Finally, Aunt Bettina advanced that."

"Does she know of this?" he exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"No, I kept it from her. It was difficult to do, but I contrived it."

"You were a brave girl, my sister! I don't know who would have acted as you have! All this trouble upon you, and never to worry me with it in your letters!—never to ask me for money to help in the need!"

"I thought you had none to give," she simply said.

"True enough: I had none. But most sisters would have asked for it. I shall repay at once Aunt Bettina; I shall repay, more gradually, to you the half of what my father possessed before this trouble was brought by me upon him. What do you say?—my wife's money? Tush, child! do you know the amount of the fortune we have come into? Compared to that, it will be but a drop of water in the ocean. If I did not repay it to you, she would."

Sara looked up.

"My wife knows all. I told her every word."

"Oh, Edward. Before your marriage?"

"Not before. I suppose I ought to have done so, but it would have taken a greater amount of moral courage than I possessed. I *couldn't* risk the losing her. I told her partially a short time after our marriage: the full particulars I did not give her until last night."

Last night. Sara was surprised.

"She fell in love with you yesterday, Sara, and I thought it well to let her know what you really were—how true you had been to me."

Sara was silent. It was in her nature to be true; and as she believed, it was in her nature to *be able* to suffer.

"There were times when I felt tempted to wish I had stayed at home and battled with it," resumed Captain Davenal, after a pause. "But in that case the scandal would probably have gone forth to the world. As it was, no living being knew of it, save you and my father."

"And Mr. Alfred King," she said. Another name also occurred to her, but she did not mention it—that of Oswald Cray.

"Alfred King? Sara, my dear, I don't care to enter into particulars with you, but he was with me in the mess; more morally guilty, though less legally so, than I was. *He* has never told it, I can answer for, for his own sake."

"He always spoke to me of being only a sort of agent in the affair," she said. "He intimated that the money was due to other parties."

"Was due from him, then. But it is over and done with: let it drop. And now, Sara, you must allow me to ask you a personal question: are you still engaged to Oswald Cray?"

The demand was so unexpected, the subject so painful, that Sara felt the life-blood leave her heart for her face.

"I am not engaged to Oswald Cray," she said in a low tone. "I—I cannot say that I ever was engaged to him."

A pause.

"But—surely there was some attachment."

"A little: in the old days. It is very long ago, now. How did you know of it?"

"Oswald Cray himself told me. It was the evening we went up to town together after Caroline's wedding. He knew I was going out immediately with the regiment, and he gave me a hint of how it was between you. Only a hint; nothing more. I suppose—I suppose," more slowly added Captain Davenal, "that this miserable business of mine broke it off. I conclude when Oswald found, at my father's death, that you had no money, he declined the compact. It's the way of the world."

"Not so. No. I do not think money, or the want of it, would have any influence on Oswald Cray. In this case it certainly had not. We had parted before papa died."

"What then was the cause, Sara?"

Should she tell him?—that it was his, Edward's, conduct broke it off? B—— not, perhaps; it could do no earthly good, and would only be adding pain to pain.

"It is a thing of the past now, Edward; let it remain so. The cause that parted us was one that could not be got over. We are friends still, though we do not often meet. More than that we can never be."

Captain Davenal was sorry to hear it. Thoughtless and imprudent as he was by nature himself, he could not but be aware of the value of Oswald Cray. Such a man would make the happiness—and guard it—of any woman.

"I think I had better mention one fact to you, Edward," she resumed, after some moments given to the matter in her own mind. "You have been assuming that no one was cognizant of that business of yours except papa, myself, and Mr. Alfred King; but—"

"No other living soul was cognizant of it," interrupted Captain Davenal. "My father's promptitude stopped it."

"Oswald Cray knew of it."

"Impossible," he said, recovering from a pause of surprise.

"He did indeed. I am not sure that he knew the exact particulars, but he knew a very great deal. I believe—I fancy—that he had gathered even a worse impression of it than the case actually warranted."

Captain Davenal was incredulous. "From whom did he learn it?"

"I cannot say. I have always feared that it must have been known to others."

"I tell you, Sara, that beyond you and my father, and King, nobody in the world knew of it. You are under some mistake. Oswald Cray could not have known of it."

"Nay then, Edward, as it has come so far, I will tell you the truth. Oswald Cray did know of it, and it was that and nothing else that caused us to part. He—he—thought, after that, that I was no fit wife for him," she added in a low tone of pain. "And in truth I was not."

A pause of distress. "Unfit as my sister?"

"Yes. I suppose he feared that the crime might at any time be disclosed to the world."

"But *how* could he have known it?" reiterated Captain Davenal, the one surprise overwhelming every other emotion in his mind. "King *I know* would not tell; for his own sake he dared not; and we may be very sure my father did not. He sacrificed himself to retain it a secret."

"That Oswald Cray knew of it, I can assure you," she repeated. "He must have known of it as soon—or almost as soon—as we did. From that night that you came down to Hallingham in secret his behaviour changed; and a little later, when a sort of explanation took place between us, he spoke to me of what had come to his knowledge. I know no more."

"Well, it is beyond my comprehension," said Captain Davenal; "it passes belief. Good Heavens, if Oswald Cray knew it, where's my security that others do not? I must look into this."

He was about to go off in impulsive haste, probably to seek Oswald Cray, but Sara detained him. The uncertain doubt, the dread lying most heavy on her heart was not spoken yet.

"Don't go, Edward. You will regard me as a bird of ill-omen, I fear, but I have something to say to you, on a subject as unpleasant as this, though of a totally different nature."

"No crime, I hope," he remarked in a joking tone, as he reseated himself. It was utterly impossible for Edward Davenal to remain sober and serious long.

"It would be a crime—if it were true."

"Well, say on, Sara; I am all attention. I have been guilty of a thousand and one acts of folly in my life; never but of one crime. And that I was drawn into."

Captain Davenal did right to bid her "say on," for she seemed to have no inclination to say anything; or else to be uncertain in what words to clothe it. In truth it was a decidedly unpleasant topic, and her color went and came.

"I would not mention it, Edward, if I were not obliged; if I did not fear consequences for you now you have come home," she began. "It has been weighing me down a long, long while, and I have had to bear it, saying nothing—"

"Has some private debt turned up against me?" he cried hastily. "I thought I had not one out in the European world. I'll settle it to-morrow, Sara, whatever it may be."

"It is not debt at all. It is—"

Sara stopped, partly with emotion, partly from her excessive reluctance to approach the topic. Should it prove to be altogether some mistake, a feeling of shame would rest upon her for having whispered it.

"It's what? Why don't you go on?"

"I must go on if I am to tell you," she resumed, rallying her courage. "Did you ever—before you went out—*marry* anybody?"

"Did I—what?" he returned, looking up with an exceedingly amused expression on his face.

"Oh, Edward, you heard."

"If I heard, I didn't understand. What do you mean? Why do you ask me so foolish a question?"

"You have not answered it," she continued in a low voice.

Captain Davenal noted for the first time, the changing hue of her face, the troubled eye, the shrinking, timid manner. His mood changed to seriousness.

"Sara, what do you mean? Did I marry anybody before I went out, you ask? I neither married anybody nor promised marriage. I—Halloo! You don't mean I am about to have a case of breach of promise brought against me?"

The notion was so amusing to Captain Davenal that he burst into a laugh, [illegible] The captain was considerably amused; he could not be brought to regard the tale in any other light than as a joke.

"What do you say the lady's name was? Catherine what?"

"Catherine Wentworth."

"Catherine Wentworth!" he deliberated. "I never heard the name before in my life; never knew any one bearing it. Why, Sara, you do not mean to say this has seriously troubled you?"

"It has very seriously troubled me. At times what with one dread and another, I seemed to have more upon me than I could bear. I had no one to whom I could tell the trouble and the doubt; I dared not write it to you, lest your wife should get hold of the letter."

"And if she had? What then?"

"If she had?" repeated Sara. "Do you forget the charge?"

"It's too laughable for me to forget it. Rosa would have laughed at it with me. Sara, my dear, rely upon it this has arisen from some queer mistake."

His open countenance, the utter absence of all symptom of fear, the cool manner in which he treated it, caused Sara Davenal to breathe a sigh of relief. Half her doubts had vanished.

"The strange thing is, why she should make the charge? Why she should say she was your wife. It was not done to extort money, for she has never asked for a farthing. She said papa knew of the marriage."

"Did she?" was the retort, delivered lightly. "Did she tell all this to you?"

"Not to me. I have never spoken to her; I told you so. What I have learnt, I learnt through Neal."

Captain Davenal paused in reflection.

"Who knows but that gentleman may be at the bottom of it?" he said at length. "If he opens desks—I don't say he does, I say *if* he does—he might get up this tale."

"And his motive?" returned Sara, not agreeing with the proposition.

"Nay, I don't know."

"But Neal did not come forward with the tale. It was in consequence of what I accidentally heard her say that I questioned Neal: and I must do him the justice to declare that it was with very great reluctance he would answer me. I heard Neal tell her, apparently in answer to a question, that there was no doubt Captain Davenal was married; that he had married a Miss Reid, an heiress. She replied that she would have satisfaction, no matter what punishment it brought him (you) to."

"And Neal afterwards assured you that she was Captain Davenal's wife?"

"Neal assured me that *she said* she was. Neal himself said he did not believe her to be so: he thought there must be some mistake. She declared she had been married to you nearly a twelvemonth before you quitted Europe, and that Dr. Davenal knew of it."

"The story-telling little hussy!"

"Edward, I confess to you that I never so much as thought of its not being true in that first moment! I think fear must have taken possession of me and overpowered my judgment."

"You should have written to me, Sara."

"I have told you why I did not: lest the letter should fall into the hands of your wife. And I believe that a dread of its truth made me shrink from approaching it. That very same day I saw the young person come out of the War Office. I did not know, and don't know, whether it is the proper place to lodge complaints against officers, but I supposed she had been there to lodge one against you."

"And you have seen her here since, at the house?"

"Occasionally. She has never been troublesome. She has come apparently to say a word or two to Neal. I have never questioned him upon the visit: I have dreaded the subject too much. Only yesterday I saw Neal speaking with her at the corner of the street."

"Well, Sara, I shall sift this."

She lifted her head. "Yes?"

"I shall. It would *not* have been pleasant had the rumor reached the ears of my wife."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment or two, a flush upon his face, a frown upon his brow. When he turned round again he was laughing.

"Did Aunt Bett hear of this?"

"Oh, no."

"*She'd* have taken it for granted it was true. Had anybody told her in the old days that I had married sixteen wives, or set the town on fire with a purposely-lighted torch, Aunt Bett would have believed it of me. But, Sara, I am surprised at you."

She glanced at him with a faint smile. Not liking to say that the dreadful business, the secret of that past night, which had no doubt helped to send Dr. Davenal to his grave, had at the time somewhat shaken her faith in her gallant brother. But for that terrible blow, she had never given a moment's credit to this.

PART LIV.

LIGHT.

Captain Davenal had made light of the matter to his sister. Knowing how unfounded was the charge, the whole thing struck him as being so absurd, so improbable, that his mind could but receive it as a jest. Nevertheless, upon reflection he saw that it might prove a subject of serious annoyance: such charges, especially if maliciously made and well-planned, sometimes cost a world of trouble in their refutation.

He had said it was his intention to sift it. Sara suggested that he should do what she had shrunk from doing—question Neal. Captain Davenal hesitated. If there were any foundation for his suspicion that Mr. Neal might have had something to do with making the charge, it would not perhaps be policy to speak to that gentleman in the present stage of the affair. [illegible]

"I wonder if Dorcas could tell us anything about her?" [illegible]

"Where was that?" interposed Captain Davenal.

"It was here, sir. She called to see Neal. I was passing down stairs at the time from Mrs. Cray's room, and it seemed to me that there was some dispute occurring between them. She asked Neal to tell her where Captain Davenal was staying, and Neal refused. He told her she should not go troubling Captain Davenal."

A pause from all. Sara's face grew troubled again.

"What did she want with me?" asked the captain.

"I don't know, sir," replied Dorcas. "I only heard that much in passing. I was carrying Mrs. Cray's tea-tray down."

"Do you know where she lives, this Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Not at all, sir. I have never known that."

"Edward, she is evidently looking out for you!" exclaimed Sara, as Dorcas retired.

"I hope and trust she is, and that she'll speedily find me," was the retort of Captain Davenal. "Nothing should I like better than to find her. I have a great mind to ask Neal openly what it all is, and insist upon an answer."

There was no opportunity for further conversation then. Mark Cray came in. Captain Davenal did not think him improved in any way. There was less of openness in his manner than formerly, and he rather appeared to evade Captain Davenal, quitting his presence as soon as he conveniently could. The next to enter was Miss Bettina. It was the first time she had met her nephew, and she was disposed to be cordial. Miss Bettina had gone forth that morning to visit his young wife, entertaining a secret prejudice against her, and she returned home liking her. The little baby had been named Richard, too, and that gratified her.

A short while later, and Captain Davenal and his sister stood in the presence of this very young woman, Catherine Wentworth. In a room in Lady Reid's house, when they reached it—for Sara walked home with him—she was waiting. She had gone there inquiring for Captain Davenal, and upon being told Captain Davenal was out, she asked to be allowed to wait for him.

The sequel of this episode is so very matter-of-fact, so devoid of romance, that some of you, my readers, may think it might have been as well never to have introduced it. But, in that case, what would have become of the closing history of Neal? It was quite necessary, if that gentleman was to have a faithful biographer.

Sara Davenal sat, the white strings of her bonnet untied, wiping the drops of moisture from her relieved brow. So intense was the relief, that when the first few moments of thankfulness were past, she looked back with a feeling of anger that her mind's peace for long, long months should have been disturbed so unnecessarily.

They were talking fast, this young woman and Captain Davenal. She *had* gone to Miss Davenal's house over and over again to inquire after him; she had handed Neal more than one letter to forward to him in India; she had been at the house the previous night, demanding to know where the captain was staying, and saying that she *would* see him; and she had this morning found out his address at Lady Reid's, and had waited until he came in.

But all for a very innocent and legitimate purpose. Mrs. Wentworth—and she was Mrs. Wentworth—had never seen Captain Davenal in her life before; had never pretended that she had; she was only seeking him now to get from him some information of her real husband, Sergeant Wentworth, of Captain Davenal's regiment.

One train of thought leads to another. Captain Davenal remembered now to have heard that the sergeant, a very respectable soldier, had voluntarily separated himself from his wife, and left her behind him in England when their regiment sailed for India, in consequence of some misconduct on her part. He stood there face to face with the young woman, trying to reconcile this plain statement of facts with the account of past assertions related to him by Sara.

"You are Sergeant Wentworth's wife, you say," observed Captain Davenal, regarding her narrowly, watching every word that fell from her lips. If there had been any conspiracy between her and Neal to undermine his sister's peace, he felt that he should like to punish both of them. Sara had had enough of real troubles to bear, without wanting false ones to bear upon her.

"Yes, I am," she replied. She had a wonderfully pretty face, now that it could be seen without her veil, and her manners were pleasing—nay, lady-like. But still there was the look of general untidiness about her that Sara had noticed before, though she did not wear a shawl to-day, but a black cloth mantle, cut in the mode.

"May I ask if you ever allowed it to be understood that you were anybody else's wife?" rejoined Captain Davenal, putting the question in the most convenient form he could, and in a half jesting tone.

"Anybody else's wife?" she repeated, as if not understanding.

"Ah; mine, for instance."

"Why, of course I never did. I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Does Neal know you are Sergeant Wentworth's wife?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I have done nothing a long while but beseech of him to write to you, sir, and ask if you would speak in my behalf to Wentworth, and make him allow me more, or else let me go out to him in India."

Sara interposed. It might not be wise in her, but she could not help herself.

"I once accidentally heard a conversation of yours with Neal. You were speaking of this gentleman, Captain Davenal; it was the very day that we had heard news of his marriage with Miss Reid. I remember you said something to the effect that you would have satisfaction, cost what punishment it would to him. Did you allude to your husband?"

"Yes, I did," the girl replied. "And I hope he will be punished yet. I remember the time, too. I had had a letter that morning from one of the women who went with the regiment, a soldier's wife; she spoke of my husband in it in a way that vexed me; and she said, amidst other news, that their Captain—Captain Davenal—had just got married. The letter put me up to think that perhaps Captain Davenal could do some good, for me with my husband, and I came off at once to Neal and asked him. Neal said he should not trouble Captain Davenal with anything of the sort; and the answer made me angry, and I reminded Mr. Neal that I could say one or two things about him that might not be pleasant, if I chose to be ill-natured; and at last he promised to send a letter for me to Captain Davenal, enclosed in one from himself, if I liked to write and state the case. I remember quite well saying that I could have satisfaction somehow, no matter what the punishment to my husband. Did my letters ever reach you sir? I wrote two or three."

"Never."

"Like enough Neal never sent them," she exclaimed with an angry tone. "He said he did; and I have been always asking him whether he received no answer for me."

"Is Neal your uncle, Mrs. Wentworth?"

"I call him so sometimes, sir, when I want to be pleasant with him, but in point of fact he is no real relation. My step-mother is his sister; and that makes him a sort of uncle-in-law."

"And you have not—excuse my pressing the question, Mrs. Wentworth, but I have a reason for it—given Neal reason to suppose that you were ever married to any one except Sergeant Wentworth?" resumed Captain Davenal.

"Never in my life, sir," she replied, and her accent of truth was unmistakable. "Say to Neal that I was married to anybody else! What for? It would be childish to say it; he knows quite well that I am Sergeant Wentworth's wife."

The falsehood then had been Neal's! Captain Davenal glanced at Sara. But the sergeant's wife spoke again.

"Could you interest yourself for me with Wentworth, sir?"

"Ah, I don't know. It is a ticklish thing, you see, to interfere between man and wife," added the captain, a jesting smile upon his lips, "How does the old proverb run?—'that any man who does, gets his teeth drawn by both parties, the upper ones by the wife, and the lower ones by the husband.' What is your grievance against Wentworth?"

Mrs. Wentworth entered on her grievances; a whole catalogue. She required that her husband should send for her to be with him in India, or else that he should make her a better allowance, so that she could live "as a lady." She knew he got plenty of prize money she said, for she had been told so; and she finished up with stating that she had been to the War Office, and to half a dozen other offices, to complain of him, and could get no redress.

"Well," said Captain Davenal, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write to Sergeant Wentworth—a man for whom I have great respect—and inquire his version of the quarrel between you. We should always hear both sides of a question you know, Mrs. Wentworth. When I get his answer, you shall hear from me. To be candid with you, I must say that I don't think Wentworth is one to allow of much interference. He has good judgment, and he likes to exercise it. But I will write to him."

"And you'll promise to see me again, sir, in spite of Neal? What his objection was, I don't know, but he did all he could to prevent my seeing you."

"I don't think you need fear Neal's prevention for the future in regard to seeing me," said Captain Davenal, in a significant tone, as he civilly bowed out Mrs. Wentworth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paper Mattresses and Pillows.

These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable beddings for the sick and infants among the poor, who have often nothing better than sacks filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus:—The paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then be torn towards one's self, in the seams, into strips; each strip should be torn into bits no longer than half a postage stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper must never be torn double, and each bit must drop separately into the basket. There will be lumps for ever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. I have found out to my cost that, though you may shake the basket of bits, when they are thrown in double together they don't divide, and you put lumps into the case of linen or ticking, or whatever you prefer for the same pillow or mattress. No bits with sealing-wax or gum upon them, such as some portions of an envelope, should ever be dropped in; neither any colored paper, because poisons are now and then used in their tints by the manufacturers, in the same way as arsenic is employed in the coloring of green muslin. I have been told by a good authority in the matter that newspaper stuffing is healthy, on account of printers' ink being peculiarly wholesome. For my own part I should prefer a pillow or mattress made of one sort of paper, either all newspaper and printed forms, such as circulars and clean old book sheets, or letter paper. Your friends might tear up their letters which they do not wish to preserve, and contribute with advantage to your waste-paper basket.—*Once a Week.*

☞ A regiment of soldiers passed through Covington, Ky., a few days ago, the members of which were worth $1,500,000, when our currency was at a par value with gold. It was the One Hundred and Seventeenth United States (colored) Regiment.

☞ A Parisian advertises photographs giving to the physiognomy the effects of the full moon shining on the face. He says the softness the moon produces is remarkable. There is no doubt of it.

The Davenport Brothers.

THEIR PERFORMANCES IN ENGLAND—LETTER FROM DION BOUCICAULT, &C.

The following letter from Dion Boucicault, describing the performances of the Davenport Brothers at his house in London, appears in the London Daily News of October 13:—

To the Editor of the Daily News:

Sir,—A seance by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay took place in my house yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardiner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Inglefield, Messrs. Charles Reade, James Matthews, Algernon Borthwick, I. Willes, H. E. Ormerod, J. W. Kaye, J. A. Bostock, H. J. Rideout, Robert Bell, J. N. Mangles, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M. D., T. L. Coward, John Brown, M. D., Robert Chambers, and Dion Boucicault.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet to be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then erected in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room, and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we mended it.

At three o'clock our party was fully assembled, and continued the scrutiny. We sent to a neighboring music-seller for six guitars and two tamborines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The *seance* then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet, and sat facing each other. Captain Inglefield then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr. I. Davenport. The knots of these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tamborine, two bells, and a brass trumpet, were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open and the instruments expelled; the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet.

The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note:

While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the door being open, and the two operators seen to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the *seance*, the doors of the cabinet being open, and while the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. This appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party. Sir Charles Wyke now entered the cabinet, and sat between the two young men—his hands being right and left on each, and secured to them. The doors were then closed, and the Babel of sound recommenced. Several hands appeared at the orifice—among them the hands of a child. After a space Sir Charles returned amongst us and stated, that while he held the two brothers several hands touched his face and pulled his hair; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head—one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders. During the foregoing incidents the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Inglefield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena; an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere.

The next part of the *seance* was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands behind their backs, bound tightly to their chairs, and their chairs bound to an adjacent table. While this process was going on the guitar rose from the table and swung or floated round the room and over the heads of the party, and slightly touching some. Now a phosphoric light shot from side to side over our heads; the laps and hands and shoulders of several were simultaneously touched, struck or pawed by hands, the guitar meanwhile sailing round the room, now near the ceiling, and then scuffling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whisked here and there, and a light thrumming was maintained on the violin. The two tamborines seemed to roll hither and thither on the floor, now shaking it violently, and now visiting the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being simultaneous. Mr. Rideout, holding a tamborine, requested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same time Lord Bury made a similar request, and a forcible attempt to pluck a tamborine from his grasp was made, which he resisted.

Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twitch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat was rushed on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rapidity.

During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of these two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved it might be detected. They, of their own accord, offered to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove they made no use of them, but this precaution was deemed unnecessary; we required them, however, to count from 1 to 12 repeatedly, that their voices, constantly heard, might certify to us that they were in the places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbor firmly, so that no one could move without two adjacent neighbors being aware of it.

At the termination of this *seance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state, in the society in which they moved, that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

Before leaving this question, in which my name has accidentally become mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called spiritualism, and nothing I have seen inclines me to believe in it—indeed, the puerility of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently alienate such a theory; but I do believe that we have not quite explored the realms of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of late years been confined to useful inventions, and we are content at last to think that the laws of nature are finite, ascertained and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed, ascribe them to supernatural agency; others wander around the subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America—is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we reply to him who should say: "I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe otherwise, and not till then?" It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.

I am, &c., DION BOUCICAULT.

326 Regent street, Oct. 12.

Talks About Health.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then, over all, thick, padded furs, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety-bump, and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

"My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woollen drawers, two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

THE CHARIMORPHOSCOPE.—This is an improved optical instrument, invented by Mr. Treppuss, the ingenious manufacturer of philosophical apparatus. This new device embodies improvements in the construction and application of the well-known kaleidoscope, the idea of Sir David Brewster, by whom it was perfected in 1817. In the latter, however, the beautiful forms produced are uncertain and temporary; but in this new form of the Charimorphoscope, the effects are entirely under the control of the operator, who is thus enabled to produce, in relief, delicate and simple, or gorgeous and elaborate, patterns, as fancy and taste may suggest. It is claimed that this instrument may be most advantageously employed in designing patterns for silks, carpets, architectural moulding, jewelry, iron-work, &c.

☞ "What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid!" was the reply, "for by so doing you will keep him *in check!*"

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

In a quiet street of the Marais—which is the Sleepy Hollow of Paris—lives a retired tradesman who has accumulated a respectable competency of fortune, say $60,000, by selling sugar-moulds. He had one child, a daughter, who had grown up to the eve of womanhood. On the same floor with him and his family lived a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, with dainty black moustaches, and a pair of blue eyes such as an artist would endow innocence or hope withall. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors met every day on the staircase. By-and-by they bowed when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to conversation, this superinduced something else, which in turn brought to pass something else still, until the concatenation of circumstances ended in seeing the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-mould dealer. Acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where draughts and chess and backgammon were played, especially as the young man (though passionately fond of all these innocent games) contrived never to win a cent, but left some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The heiress of the house, accustomed to see no other young man, soon became touched by her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless the subject had never been broached, until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. The family read these letters. You may judge the contents of them all by one of them:

"TOULON, June 18, 1864.

"*My Dear Nephew*:—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a petty romance, which I dare say boarding-school girls would deem very touching, you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up $200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir with his aristocratic appearance and name marry a Mdlle. Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father; and he, as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE DE R———."

The next morning the young fellow (his name was Ernest) returned, apparently very uneasy. He said he had left some letters behind him, he believed, there, and inquired if they had seen them. The sugar-moulds dealer confessed his indiscretion, and bade Ernest break relations with them, as it was evident from these letters that he could never marry Celeste. This summons seemed to throw the young man into deep despair. He replied: "Wait a little longer, and I will endeavor to change my uncle's resolution, for I feel that if I do not I shall die." The sugar-moulds dealer said: "I will wait;" for the truth was, he desired to marry his daughter to the young man, who seemed to posses every quality that a reasonable father-in-law could ask for in a son. Several weeks passed away, when one morning Ernest ran joyously into his neighbor's drawing-room, holding in his hand a letter post-marked Toulon, and from the uncle who came so near shipwrecking his happiness. The letter ran:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—As far as your marriage is concerned, do as you please. I only wished to test your affection and to be sure that your sentiments for Mdlle. Celeste was no caprice but real love. Time has proved your affection to be sincere. Marry her. I do not know whether my gout will allow me to go up to Paris for your wedding; but at all events I shall engage one of my friends to give you everything necessary to enable you to marry yourself decently. If I am unable to go up to Paris to your wedding, you must spend your honeymoon here. To see you happy will rejuvenate me."

This letter satisfied Celeste's father, and the wedding-day was fixed. Ernest refused to have a marriage-contract; he wanted everything he had to belong to his wife. Celeste's father-in-law went several times with Eugene to the notary who had the money sent up by the Toulon uncle, but he was discreet enough to remain at the door outside while his future son-in-law was transacting business. At last all the "papers" required by the French law were received; the certificate of birth bore an honorable name. The banns were published at the mayor's office and church, and the wedding-feast ordered. Everything was ready—but the uncle wrote that he had such a violent attack of the gout that it was utterly impossible for him to leave his chamber. It became necessary to dispense with the uncle's presence. Misfortune never comes alone! On the wedding-day Ernest experienced additional ill-luck: his two groomsmen and his tailor disappointed him; but as the tailor was one of the great tailors of Paris, who are always overwhelmed with work, and of course cannot be expected to be punctual—besides have not all tailors a charter which enables them to accompany all of their promises with a mental reservation? At the last moment the clothes came; the absent groomsmen's places were taken by kinsmen of the bride. They went to the mayor's office and to the church; the civil and ecclesiastical "yes" were uttered by both parties; mayor and priest proclaimed them man and wife. Then the marriage-feast was spread in a restaurant on the boulevard, which was followed by a ball. Although it was midnight when the bridal pair retired, the husband was such an active, industrious fellow that by six o'clock in the morning he was dressed and out "Attending to important business for his uncle at Toulon." At nine o'clock the mantua-maker called to present her bill for the wedding-clothes. Celeste's mother went to the drawer where she had laid the money for all the wedding expenses—not a cent could she find there. She asked her husband to go into the bridal-chamber across landing to get Ernest to lend her the money, to avoid making the mantua-maker return. He found Ernest had gone out, and poor Celeste over head and ears in bills sent in by the tradesmen from whom Ernest had bought the wedding-presents, and among them was one bill of which she could make nothing; it was a bill from an old clothes-dealer for the "loan of a wedding-suit." As Ernest could not be gone long, all inquiries were postponed for the present; but twelve o'clock came without bringing Ernest. One o'clock—no Ernest. Two o'clock—no Ernest. You may imagine how Celeste wept! Three o'clock—no Ernest; but it brought an old friend of the family who had just discovered—unfortunately twenty-seven hours too late—that Ernest was a ticket-of-leave man, who had been sent to the hulks for forgery and swindling; that he had that morning drawn all his wife's [illegible], and had taken the Havre steamship for New York! It was he who had robbed his father-in-law's house before the family were up. He carried off some $25,000 or $30,000 in gold with him. Suit has been brought by the family to annul the marriage, and in the course of the trial all the above facts came out in evidence. The uncle at Toulon was a ticket-of-leave man, who, for $1,000 had played a part in the comedy.

Exercise for Girls.

It is when we begin to examine the subjects of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could this not afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practising music, good for either mind or body—extended too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

☞ In the City Hall at Luneburg, Hanover, is a monument to a pig—a glass case, enclosing a ham, still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of visitors, who find thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm but quiet. Sales of 16,000 bbls at $9,75@10,50 for low grade and good superfine, $10,75@11,25 for extras, $11,50@12,50 for extra family, and $12,75@13 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with small sales of the former at $9@9,25 ⅌ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at $4,87½@5,25 the 100 lbs, as in quality.

GRAIN comes in slowly and Wheat has been in fair request and firm, with sales of 45,000 bus, mostly reds, at $2,50@2,60 for Pennsylvania and Western, $2,55@2,65 for Southern, and $2,70 to $2,85 for white, as in quality. Rye is selling at $1,65@1,72 for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn—About 20,000 bus yellow sold at $1,70@1,78. Oats—36,000 bus sold at 88@90c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Stocks are very much reduced, and the market firm, at $42@44 for Mess Pork, and $18@25 for country and city Mess Beef. Bacon—Sales at 22@23c for bagged Hams, 20@21c for Shoulders, and 21@22c for Sides. Green Meats are firm at 19@20c for Shoulders, and 20@21c for Hams in salt and pickle. Lard is active at 22@23½c. Butter—Roll is selling at 45@48c, the latter for prime; packed at 35@48c for fair to good, and 50@55c for good and fine Goshen. Cheese is moving off at 18@25c for Western and New York State. Eggs are worth 44@45c.

COTTON is more active. Sales of 300 bales at $1,25@1,45, cash, for low and good middlings.

BARK comes in slowly; about 120 hhds have been disposed of at $45 for 1st No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark is scarce and high.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is held at 75c ⅌ ℔.

COAL—The market is rather more active, and prices range at $9@9,50 ⅌ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales 1,700 bags taken in lots at 43@47c for Rio and 43@46c for Laguayra.

COPPER—Yellow Metal at 50c ⅌ ℔, cash.

FEATHERS are held at 85@90c ⅌ ℔.

FRUIT—Market firm at $3@4 for Green Apples and $10@14 ⅌ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples are selling at 8½@10c. Unpared Peaches are higher and active; 20,000 lbs quarters sold at 17½@19c. Pared Peaches are selling at 28@30c ⅌ ℔.

HOPS are selling at 45@55c for new, and 30@35c for old.

IRON—The better feeling noticed in this staple continues, with more inquiry both for Pig and Manufactured Iron to note. We quote Forge at $55@57, and Foundry at $60@65 ⅌ ton, cash.

LUMBER—The arrivals and sales are light. White Pine Boards are selling slowly at $29@31; Yellow Sap do, $24@26, and Lehigh Hemlock at $22@23 ⅌ M.

PLASTER is unsettled and rather lower.

RICE is firm at 13@13½c ⅌ ℔ for East India.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Cloverseed. New seed is taken at $12@12,50 ⅌ bushel, the latter for prime. Timothy is dull at $5. Flaxseed at $3,40@3,45 ⅌ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is little doing in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum sells slowly at $2,10. Whiskey is dull at $1,77@1,78 for Pennsylvania and western, and $1,75@1,76 for drudge.

SUGARS have been more active. 1,500 hhds sold, mostly Cuba, at 18½@22c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firmer, with sale of city at 17½@18c.

WOOL is firmer and rather more active. Sales 130,140 lbs fleece at 95@$1,05, mostly at $1@1,05 for fine and coarse, and $1,10@1,15 for tub, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from $9 to $16,50 ⅌ 100 lbs. 3500 Hogs at from $15,00 to 17,00 ⅌ 100 lbs. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from 7½ to 8½c ⅌ ℔. 75 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ⅌ head.

The Result of the Late Election.

Returns sufficient have been received of the late elections to enable a tolerably correct summary of the result to be made. The Presidential vote will probably stand as follows:

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

FOR LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

Electoral Vote.		Electoral Vote.	
New York,	33	Massachusetts,	12
Pennsylvania,	26	Maine,	7
Ohio,	21	Connecticut,	6
Illinois,	16	New Hampshire,	5
Indiana,	13	Vermont,	5
Michigan,	8	Rhode Island,	4
Wisconsin,	8	California,	5
Iowa,	8	Oregon,	3
Minnesota,	4	Nevada,	3
Kansas,	3	Maryland,	7
West Virginia,	5	Missouri,	11
Total,			213

FOR M'CLELLAN AND PENDLETON.

Electoral Vote.		Electoral Vote.	
Kentucky,	11	Delaware,	3
New Jersey,	7		
Total,			21
Total electoral vote,			234
Necessary to a choice,			118
Lincoln's majority,			193

The political complexion of the next Congress will be nearly as follows, giving a two-third Union majority in the House:

Republicans,	128
Democrats,	56

☞ The Boston Medical Journal urges horse flesh for food.

Philanthropy.—In this age of fraud, corruption, and dishonesty, when every remembrance of conscience is stifled in the greedy rush for the almighty dollar, it is truly refreshing to contemplate the exertions of the few, who, in the common necessity of providing for themselves, pay a commendable deference to the condition of others. There is room enough for us all, and there is sufficient of both food and raiment for all the sons and daughters of our suffering race. There is a limit to our powers of consumption, and we have no right to snatch the bread from the mouth of the hungry, in our eager reach for more than we can use. But in the great battle of life men do not stop to consider any wants but those of their own selfishness. The cry of the orphan, the wail of widowhood, and the moanings of the sick are alike unheard and unheeded amid the din of contending interests.

We are, therefore, it is a refreshing contemplation to witness the laudable success of those who, while providing for themselves, not only regard the wants of others, but even make those wants or infirmities the special object of their attention. An illustration of our views on this subject is found in the benevolent efforts of Profs. Bolles and Brown, of this city, to deduce from the all-pervading element of Electricity a remedial agent which promises to set aside previous light in the Esculapian art completely in the shade. Without medicine, without the lancet, the blister, or any other torturing appliances the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, the "lepers are cleansed," and disease, with its Pandora's box of evil, is baffled in its efforts to distress. It must be gratifying to these gentlemen, while looking upon the cords and bundles of crutches, canes and bandages, left at their premises by those whom their skill has relieved, to think that their success in life is based upon a merciful remembrance of the suffering. They have been in business about five years, and yet in that short time the accumulation of such mementoes of their patients is surprising, and would if generally known, be the greatest advertisement imaginable. No laudation of the public press, no attractive display of printer's ink, would be so effective as this simple, telling fact.

By making Electricity a study, rather than a mere experiment, and discovering its fixed laws, they have been enabled to apply it to the cure of disease in such a manner as to produce the most beneficial results. Both acute and chronic cases have yielded to this new remedial agent, and the increasing knowledge of its healing power is effecting much in the confidence of the public. Their office is at 1220 Walnut street.

It would seem that, if the success of these men were generally known, it would stimulate and encourage others also to adopt a mode of living that would be serviceable to the world while profitable to themselves. It would give an impetus to philanthropy that would be beneficial to the world. It would elevate the general character of society, and cause men to be less selfish and sordid in choosing the road to wealth.—*National Merchant.*

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

Cox's Tonic Elixir will cure the most obstinate cases of Dyspepsia.

Cox's Tonic Elixir restores health and strength to mothers while nursing.

Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had at the Principal Depot, SAML. C. HART, Druggist and Chemist, 24 S. SECOND Street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Scurvy and Scrofulous Eruptions will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food, and drenching rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple remedy which has relieved thousands, and which is in almost every case effectual.

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

WONDER! WONDER! Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and astonish the world, sent by mail, for 50 cents. Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Illinois.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oc29-13t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Washington, on the 7th instant, at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. Dr. Hall, George S. Parker, of Boston, to Alice, daughter of the late M. Nisbet, of Philada.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. D. March, D. D., Dwight D. Willard to Isabel, daughter of David Miller, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William Coppee to Miss Caroline Miller, both of this city.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. T. E. Murphy, Mr. Charles Toner to Miss Emma Rommel, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. Edmund Wildey, of this city, to Miss Sarah A. Brooks, of Chester.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, William F. Clement to Georgie M. Taylor, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Allen, Mr. James A. Taber, of the Army, to Miss Mary E. Miller, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Oct. 30th, near Burton, Adams county, Ill., Rosie, daughter of P. and M. V. O'Hare, aged 12 years.

On the 7th instant, Mahlon Gregg, aged 52 years.

On the 9th instant, Charles Zimmerling, Sr., aged 63 years.

On the 9th instant, William Martin, in his 66th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Susannah F. Miller, in her 53d year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Hannah Hering, in her 60th year.

On the 6th instant, Abraham France, aged 87 years.

On the 6th instant, James Armstrong, in his 66th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Sarah Jane, wife of David Cook, aged 65 years.

On the 8th instant, William H. Pitt, in his 30th year.

On the 8th instant, Ellen Mary, wife of Jas. W. Marlow.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar18-ly

"MOTHER, COME, YOUR BOY IS DYING."

Twelfth edition of this beautiful song now ready. The latest and most popular patriotic ballad published. Words by J. L. Zieber. Music by the favorite writer, Rudolph Wittig. Price 30 cents. Copies sent by mail upon receipt of price.

WM. R. SMITH, Agt., Music Publisher,
135 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.

"WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG."—New and beautiful ballad by J. Ford. Price 25 cts. Just published and for sale by W. R. SMITH, Agt., 135 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Copies sent by mail upon receipt of price. 1t

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:—

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as *form* the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post pronounces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* nov12-2t

$50,000!!! CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at Wholesale. Sutlers, Country Merchants, Peddlers, and general traders supplied at immense bargains. Watches and Jewelry of every description in any pattern or quality, and in any quantity constantly on hand and made to order. Estimates of any class of work furnished. Good Canvassing clerks wanted. Prices and full descriptions free

Address T. & H. GAUGHAN,
nov 12-4t 716 Broadway, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
nov19-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

WONDER!—WONDER!—Full instruction by which any person can master the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 50 cents; or, 6 for one dollar. M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. 1t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ATLAS OIL COMPANY.

CAPITAL $1,000,000.

OFFICE, NO. 524 WALNUT STREET,

ROOM NO. 20.

200,000 Shares. Par Value $5.

Subscription Price, $2.50.

1st. This Company owns (1-8) one-eighth land interest in Lot No. 2, on HYDE AND EGBERT FARM, containing about one acre, on which is situated the JERSEY WELL, now flowing about (350 bbls.) *three hundred and fifty barrels per day.*

This interest is situated on the celebrated HYDE AND EGBERT FARM, which has proved itself to be one of the great Oil Basins, a large *flowing* well of some *twelve hundred barrels* having been struck within a few days.

2d. The one sixty-fourth (1-64) working interest in lots 7 and 8 on HYDE AND EGBERT FARM, known as the KEYSTONE LEASES, on which there are two producing Wells, known as Keystone Wells 1 and 2, and another Well in process of boring, and from the well-known character of the property we have every reason to expect a second Jersey Well.

This interest is also situated on the above celebrated Farm, and a well is now being tested on these lots with every indication of being a very large well. In fact, when the above mentioned was struck, it was the general impression that it was the NEW KEYSTONE WELL.

3d. The one-half working interest, being one-fourth of all the Oil produced from RAILROAD WELL, on MILLER FARM, on OIL CREEK, now producing about twenty barrels per day. The Oil from this well commands a higher price than any other Oil on the creek, on account of its superiority for refining purposes. The Company have ordered one of the new Patent Air Pumps, and it is confidently expected that when it is in operation it will bring the yield up to some one hundred barrels *per day.*

4th. One-twentieth working interest in "REED TOWN LEASE," on the celebrated STORY FARM, containing three and one-third acres.

The working interest have bought a new Patent Blower for a well on the lease that did produce large quantities of Oil; and as there is also a new well on the lease, the yield to the Company will be largely increased.

5th. Fifty acres in fee simple on CHERRY RUN, about one and one-half miles above the celebrated "REED WELL," nearly one half of which is bottom land. On adjoining lands above and below there are a number of derricks going up, and wells in process of boring. The character of CHERRY RUN property has been fully tested. Every well sunk has produced more or less Oil. The AUBURN WELL yields 150, PRINCE WELL over 150, and a number from 50 to 100 *barrels of Oil per day.*

The books of the Company are still open for a limited number of subscriptions at their Office, No. 524 WALNUT Street, Room No. 20.

The present yield of Oil to this Company is (60) sixty barrels of Oil per day.

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F. W. WILTBANK, Secretary. nov19-2t

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SONGS FOR SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM. Containing Soldier's Chorus; Viva la America; Mother, when the war is over; Mount, Boys, Mount; Picket Guard; Not a Star from our Flag; Volunteer's Wife; Red, White and Blue; To Canaan; Do they pray for me at home; How do you like it, Jefferson D; Battle Hymn of the Republic; Glory Hallelujah; Garibaldi Hymn, and other popular Songs, Duets, &c., will be sent, post-paid, for 40 cents.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
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Have the pleasure to announce that they are now prepared to furnish

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ALL COMPLAINTS OF THE EYES CURABLE.—Just arrived from the world-renowned University of Gottingen. I am in possession of a remedy which surpasses everything which has been invented up to the present time. I have a right to believe that I can claim the full confidence of the respected public. Dr. LOWENKERZ, New York. Philadelphia—815 S. FOURTH St. nov5-4t

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No. 3 Machine, with

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Polished Table,	$65
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Cottage Organ.

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jan30-1y

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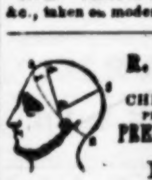
N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 9-tf



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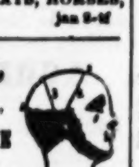

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No. 1.—The round of the head.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.
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Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle or Life Element*, IRON, thereby infusing

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into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
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CURL YOUR HAIR, LADIES.—12 years ago I discovered an article that will curl the most short, stiff and stubborn hair on the first application in beautiful, luxuriant massive curls. I will send a sample free, with full directions. Address with stamp, B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. nov5-3t

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THE STONE EDIFICE,

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Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, [illegible]

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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A Real Pain Extractor.

It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals

OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,

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OLD EYES MADE NEW.

A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
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REVOLUTION

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By the almost unanimous action of the parties interested,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

has replaced the old worn-out inventions for coloring the hair, which the better experience of years had proved to be ineffective and deleterious. Unlike the compounds that

MAKE WAR

upon the health of the hair and dry up and consume the juices which sustain it, this mild, genial and perfect dye is found to be a vitalizing as well as a coloring agent.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,

a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1.50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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DR. TOBIAS'

VENETIAN LINIMENT.

It cures Cholera, when first taken, in a few hours; Dysentery in half an hour; Toothache in five minutes. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and is recommended by the most eminent Physicians in the United States. Price 25 and 50 cts.

TONAWANDA, Pa., Aug. 6, 1859.

Dr. S. I. Tobias, New York: Dear Sir—I have used your Venetian Liniment with great success, both as an internal as well as an external medicine. In cases of Bilious Colic and Cholera Morbus I regard it as a sovereign remedy. Your Venetian Horse Liniment stands unrivalled as a horse medicine among farriers and boatmen on this canal.

WM. LEWIS,
Superintendent North Branch Canal.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. nov19-2teow

DYSPEPSIA AND COSTIVENESS CURED.
D. J. TENNY'S CASE.—*New York Mentor, January* 14, 1860.—Whether the Brandreth Pill is ever convertible into blood, we will not now discuss. But our chief object at this time is to give a statement of a gentleman who says he has taken one of the Brandreth Pills, *for at least sixteen months, daily*, or about 480 days in succession, and who says that at the end of that time he considered himself cured of Dyspepsia, attended by a constant costive state of the bowels, which had troubled him for a long time.

This gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, resides at the Astor House, in this city, and has been in the enjoyment of excellent health ever since he was cured by this treatment. He is an intelligent man, and there is no doubt of the truth of his statement. This proves, at least, that as many as one of the Pills prepared by Dr. Brandreth can be taken for nearly 500 days in succession without harm, and at the end of that time a dyspeptic and costive habit of body may be perfectly cured. This could not be said of any of the cathartics in use by those who style themselves the *Regular Faculty.*

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 32 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. nov19-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$5 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose a stamp to WM. EARL, 15 White st., New York. oct8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lady with the Wooden Leg.

On the Norfolk circuit, Lee was retained for the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage. When the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking.

"Very handsome indeed, sir!" was the answer of [illegible]'s attorney.

"Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen."

The attorney promised compliance, and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised toward the "lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend, in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff, had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a *wooden leg!* The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of the circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

Fashionable Call.

Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking *from* her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy.—"Oh, Marie! how do you do?—How delighted I am to see you! How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? Wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly frightful? Is this your shawl on the piano? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear homemade shawls! How do you like Monsieur Esprey? Beautiful man, ain't he? Now don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going!—It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, when are you coming up to see me? Oh, dear! what a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Marie? Oh, dear, it's very warm. Good-morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one; for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu."

A Settler.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "Wa'al, master, what do you think he larnt the schollards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was *reound*, and went areound; and all that sort, o' thing. Now, master, what do *you* think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked: "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things?" "Wa'al," says she, "if the airth is reound, and goes reound, what holds it *up?*" "Oh, there learned men say that it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high larn't men sez the sun holds up the airth, *I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?*"

A Notice.

The following parties are respectfully requested NOT to attend either of the series of Popular Lectures to be given in the city the ensuing winter:

The man with creaking boots.

The woman with the cough.

The man who sees a friend and desires to sit beside him.

The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort.

The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the lecturer.

The man who eats pea-nuts.

The man who laughs in the wrong place.

The man who is invariably ten minutes late.

The young woman who goes invariably to see the fashions.

The man who invariably has to go out five minutes before the termination of the lecture.

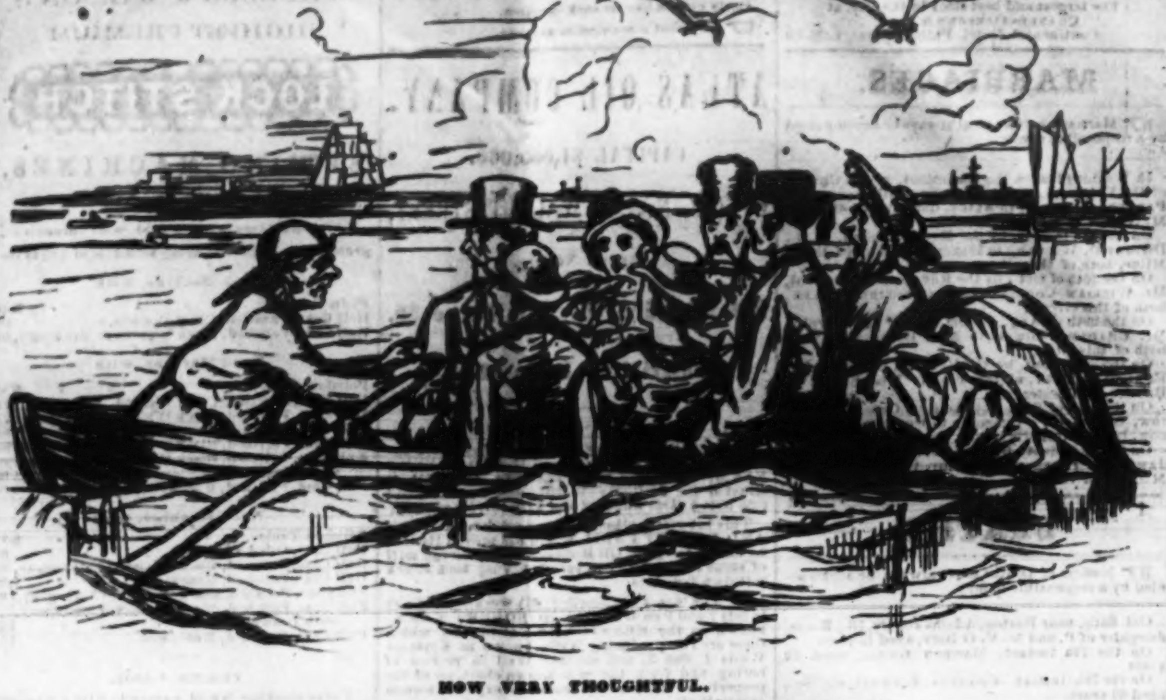
The man who continues to read his evening paper during the entire lecture.

* * *

ONE of the curious facts noticed by naturalists is, that the animals and vegetables of the Old World supplant those of the New. According to Dawson's theory, this is to be attributed to the longer period during which the denizens of the Old World have been engaged in the struggle for life, and the consequent vigor acquired by them. European weeds have established themselves abundantly in North America and Australia. The rapid propagation of European animals is no less remarkable. The pigs which Capt. Cook left at New Zealand have increased so largely that they monopolize vast tracts of the country, and are killed at six pence per tail. Not only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep farmer needs for his flock, but they assiduously follow the ewes when lambing, and devour the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. Another interesting fact is the appearance of the Norwegian rat. It has thoroughly extirpated the native rat, and is to be found everywhere growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows closely, and, what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance, it drives, to a great degree, the Norwegian rat away. The European house-fly is another importation—repels the blue bottle of New Zealand, which seems to shun its company.

* * *

☞ Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.



HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL.

OLD LADY.—"Are you not afraid of getting drowned when you have the boat so full?"
BOATMAN.—"Oh, dear, no, mum. I always wears a life-belt, so I'm safe enough."

Punishing an Alligator.

They keep alligators and tame them in Sumatra. The strange manner in which they are treated, just as if they were human beings, will be observed in this extract:—

"A man who acted as servant to the sultan was missed from the town, and as such an incident occasionally happened, it was supposed that he had been caught and eaten by an alligator whilst bathing in the river. A report to this effect soon reached the ears of the sultan, his majesty summoned the three keepers of his alligators, named Saguntang, Sachupa, and Samati, and before a large concourse of people complained to them that one of their children, as the natives term them, had killed a subject of his. The keepers expressed great regret at this breach of good conduct on the part of one of their charge. 'But, Tuan soo,' (my lord,) they added, rising to take leave, 'rest assured full vengeance shall be taken upon the offender.' Saguntang, Sachupa, and Samati accordingly wended their way to the river side, on reaching which they stopped at the spot where they were accustomed to feed the alligators. As these immense reptiles names were called they responded to the summons in such numbers that the water, far and near seemed covered with them. Although they looked like beams of wood closely packed together, the sharp-eyed keepers perceived the absence of one of them. 'There is one missing—Bassar where is he?' said Samati. A slight movement of the water was seen, and the culprit rose abashed, and timidly took his place. 'You it is who are guilty,' said Sachupa; 'come forth and receive the due punishment for thy crime. You have killed one of the king's own subjects; and therefore here, in the sight of thy brothers and sisters, thou must expiate this dire offence. Hast thou ought to say in thy defence?' The alligator lowered his head in silence, in acknowledgment of his guilt. 'Samati,' cried Saguntang, in a loud voice, 'cut off the fore feet of this vile wretch, and then chop his body into a thousand pieces.' Samati, who appeared to have been a sort of Calcraft in his relation to the alligators, immediately obeyed; and, when the merciless sentence had been executed, the pieces of the alligator's body were carefully collected and thrown into the river to be food for the fishes."

AGRICULTURAL.

HUSBANDING AND APPLYING MANURES.

The following is the summary of the discussions at the last State Fair at Utica, N. Y., as prepared by Mr. Conger. It is worthy of careful study:—

1. Where sufficient has been reserved for arable lands, barnyard manure may be spread upon pastures and meadows under the following restrictions:—

a. If spread early in the spring on pastures designed for immediate use, it should not be of the droppings of that species of domestic animals intended to be placed in the pastures.

b. It should never be spread upon meadows in the spring, as the coarser parts will be caught by the hay-rake, and mixed with the hay, imparting to it a musty smell, if not tainting it and poisoning it with fungus.

c. It may be evenly spread on meadows at any time after harvest, and lightly harrowed or bushed, especially if the after-math is heavy, so that the grass may not be smothered.

d. The weather should indicate the absence of high winds, the approach of moderate rains, or the presence of copious dews, so that the ammoniacal portion of the manure may not be lost.

e. On rapidly sloping land a heavier top-dressing should be applied near the summit, unless furrows such as are necessary in irrigation are made, so as to prevent the manure being washed with heavy rains to the bottom.

f. In winter no manure should be spread on either pastures or meadows when hard frozen, even when most of the atmospheric conditions above alluded to are present, unless the surface is, or soon will be, covered with snow, and then only on ground either level or gently rolling, so that in case of a thaw the melting snows may not render the distribution of the manure comparatively useless.

2. Under a system of rotation of crops, as supposed in the question, the husbanding of manures is indispensable to thrift in farming, and is to be regulated according to the supply of litter and the method of feeding adopted.

3. On farms whose principal staple is grain, the amount of straw is not unfrequently in excess of the feeding material reserved, and in such case it is necessary to spread it profusely over the barnyard, that it may be trodden down by cattle and sheep and mixed with their droppings. In such cases it is sufficient that the barnyard should be dished or provided with one or more tanks for the holding of the draining of the mass; that fermentation should be allowed to proceed until the straw is disintegrated sufficiently either to turn the mass into heaps (into which the liquid contents of the tanks are to be conveyed by pumps and troughs,) or drawn out into the fields for spring and fall crops—of which method, as generally in all departments of the farm service, the labor that can be applied is the discriminating test.

4. When from the scarcity of straw upon a farm, its high price in neighboring markets, or its being an element of food prepared for stock, it is necessary to economize its use, the system of box or stall feeding is to be resorted to, and the husbanding of manures is determined as the feeding is either of animals to be fattened or reared.

5. In the former case neat cattle may be placed in boxes not less than eight by ten feet, the bottoms slightly dished with a view to drainage, or being filled with muck or other absorbents, and the animals wintered with slight additions of cut straw as litter, so as to prevent the loss of hair and other cutaneous affections, (which proceed from the heating of straw if too liberally supplied,) and the whole mass of droppings, etc., left until removed to the fields.

6. In the latter case, that of rearing young animals, a like method may be pursued; but if their value will admit of a greater regard being paid to cleanliness, etc., the box should have a slatted floor of oak or other durable strips one and a half inch thick, three inches wide, and one-half inch apart over a paved, clayed, or cemented floor, and inclined so as to carry the drainage of the box into gutters leading to a tank, and the manure removed as often at least as once in six weeks, placed under cover of a roof, either permanent, or of boards battened, turning on pins and moved by a long lever as in sheds for dying brick, the liquid manure, (if not used separately,) being pumped from the tank and conveyed by troughs over the mass, so as to prevent fire fanging. If used separately the sheds are to be opened to occasional rains for the same purpose.

7. The manure from animals stabled in the ordinary way is to be treated as last above described. And it is desirable that the manure shed should be constructed with access to it from a level below that on which the manure is deposited, so that in winter the manure may be carted out upon lands ploughed in the fall, the fresh masses placed on top preserving those underlying from being thoroughly frozen.

8. When sheep are alone raised they should be kept under sheds with small yards connected therewith, and their droppings may be treated either as in the case of fattening or growing animals, in the discretion of the owner.

9. Where no portion of the manure is designed for top-dressing pastures, that of horses and neat cattle may be always advantageously placed under the same cover, their different capacities for developing heat operating favorably against overheating.

10. As the value of straw as an article of food, if cut up, mixed with feed thoroughly wetted and allowed to stand in mass for a few hours so as to develope heat, or if steamed, is at its lowest price worth at least twice as much for food as for the manure resulting from its use as litter, where beds of muck or peat exist on a farm they should be ditched, and afterwards pared, so that by the use of these materials, when dried, the straw may be largely used as an article of food, a greater number of animals kept on the farm, greater masses of manure made, and with a material more valuable than straw as an absorbent and fertilizer, and for the preservation of the droppings of cattle, at a more uniform rate of temperature.—*Genesee Farmer.*

How to Build a Smoke-House.

Is best constructed on a side hill, should be two stories in height, the lower part built of stone or brick, and the upper portion of wood or brick, as is most convenient. Two things are to be guarded against in a smoke-house, viz., fire and pilfering. The stone or brick basement with an iron-lined door on the lower side, provides against the fire, and a strong lock upon the upper door makes it all secure. The floor or division between the two rooms should be of scantling, set on edge, several inches apart, to admit the smoke freely, and to retain any meat which may fall from the hooks. *Five feet in height is sufficient for each story beyond the pitched roof.* The meat portion is entered by a door upon the upper side of the hill, and cross timbers, filled with strong nails or hooks, are provided for hanging up the hams, beef, tongues, &c. The whole inside to the peak may thus be filled with meat, to which even the person tending the fire need have no access. Of course the lower part needs no floor. Six feet square is a good size for a building.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

PORTSMOUTH CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, one of milk, four eggs, one small teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, one teaspoon essence of lemon.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of molasses, one of *made* coffee, five of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of soda—spice to your taste. Fruit added is a great improvement.

TO DESTROY RATS.—A very effectual method of getting rid of these troublesome animals, and one used with great success in India, is to cut cork in thin slices, and having fried it in fat, to place it where they are in the habit of coming. They will greedily devour this, and their death will be certain.—*Julius.*

HOW TO CHOOSE EGGS.—In putting the hands round the egg, and presenting to the light the end which is not covered, it should be transparent. If you can detect some tiny spots, it is not newly laid, but may be very good for all ordinary uses, except boiling soft. If you see a large spot near the shell, it is bad, and should not be used on any account. The white of a newly-laid egg boiled soft is like milk; that of an egg a day old is like rice boiled in milk; and that of an old egg compact, tough, and difficult to digest. A cook ought not to give eggs two or three days old to people who really care for fresh eggs, under the delusion that they will not find any difference; for an amateur will find it out in a moment, not only by the appearance, but also by the taste.—*The Reader.*

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.—"I do hate to wear flannel under-clothes," said a gentleman friend; "they chafe so." It was in a mixed company that he spoke, but I thought to myself, if I was acquainted with his sister or wife, I'd tell her how to wash the flannels in such manner that they might not *chafe*. Now flannel is made of animal substance, and is not so easily cleaned as a purely vegetable material; so in our house the flannels invariably form a distinct washing by themselves. Soft water is indispensable. Early in the morning, then, we put on the full wash-boiler to heat, and for one pair of blankets throw in borax about the size of a walnut, and cut in a bar of hard soap very fine. When the blankets have a spot here or there, which by accident may have received extra soiling, we take a needle and thread and mark it with a couple of stitches, and rub on a little soap, for without this precaution the spot could not be found after the blankets were wet. We then put them down in a tub and pour the contents of the wash-kettle *boiling* upon them. The tub stands for an hour, or until it is cool enough for the hands, when we rub the before-mentioned spots, "souse" the blankets, and wring out. The second suds is prepared as the first, save that only half a bar of soap is required. The third water is clear and boiling, and is designed to cleanse the blankets of the soap of the preceding water, for soap is not healthy for the skin, and if the third water appears *sudsy*, we give them a fourth hot water with a squeeze of blue in it, very little, however, or the blankets will be streaky. And now the quicker they are dried the better; it is very disastrous to have rain come on, or have them snowed upon, or lie overnight; indeed, I never wash blankets unless the sun smiles upon me when I am about it. In our way of washing, flannels never shrink, and consequently never get "hard," and as we don't rub them, the nap is left on, they are more comfortable, and wear much longer than when washed in the ordinary way. The colored flannels we put in the tub as we take the white flannels out, having first added a little melted soap; we wash them out right away, as the color will come out by standing. The water must be as hot as the hands can bear, and the soap that is rubbed on about the collars and wristbands of flannel shirts, cannot be put on when they are out of the suds, for in many kinds of colored flannel the mark of the soap is left, unless used while the flannel is in the water. Colored flannel does not shrink like white, and for this reason, and that the color is likely to come out, we do not use boiling water. In other respects we go through the same process in washing, save that the impression of blue is omitted in the last rinsing. In conclusion, sister readers, use flannel plentifully in your households. In this northern climate cotton is a very poor substitute. If people paid out as much for flannel as they do for those homœpathic sugar pills, the doctors would be all the poorer, and their own homes all the happier. —*American Agriculturist.*

☞ HISTRIONIC PLAGIARISM.—In Paris, one of the most celebrated actresses of the day has given notice of her intention of bringing a lawsuit against a very youthful rival at a minor theatre, whom she accuses of having committed larceny, inasmuch as she has stolen her gestures (*ses gestes*), appropriating her intonations, in fact, her whole system of acting.

THE RIDDLER.

Congressional Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 8, 1, 14, is a county in Indiana.
My 5, 8, 7, 7, 4, 11, is a county in Missouri.
My 7, 18, 6, is a county in Illinois.
My 22, 24, 22, 10, is a county in Florida.
My 12, 24, 7, 9, 16, 25, is a county in Georgia.
My 23, 24, 18, 2, 21, is a county in North Carolina.
My 4, 15, 17, 22, is a county in New York.
My 24, 20, 4, 7, 2, 26, is a county in Virginia.
My 26, 24, 15, 22, 16, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 2, 7, 20, 4, 11, is a county in Georgia.
My whole should be the language of every American. M. W. Z.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In cities large, the poor, 'tis said,
Collect my first to purchase bread.
An article my next you'll see,
With Lindley Murray 'twill agree.
When old Boreas's howl is heard,
The ladies then oft use my third.
My last a prefix now you've got,
That signifies within or not.
My whole, a person low and mean,
Is shunned by all wherever seen. EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a current of air.
My second is an exclamation.
My whole is found in every house.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOE ROSS, JR.

Triple Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A verb, meaning to place.
A girl's name.
Strength.
A verb, meaning to embosom.
A white crystalline salt.
My initials, centrals and finals form the names of three numerals. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in young, but not in old.
My 2d is in lead, but not in gold.
My 3d is in fast, but not in slow.
My 4th is in bread, but not in dough.
My 5th is in sight, but not in glance.
My 6th is in shield, but not in lance.
My 7th is in cart, but not in dray.
My 8th is in leave, but not in stay.
My 9th is in hoe, but not in rake.
My 10th is in gulf, but not in lake.
My 11th is in lime, but not in chalk.
My 12th is in speak, but not in talk.
My 13th is in mouth, but not in ear.
My 14th is in month, but not in year.
My whole is the name of a contributor to this paper, and his place of residence.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman had a farm, containing 100 acres, in the form of an ellipse, whose axes are in the ratio of 3 to 5, which he divided in the following manner:—To each of his four sons he gave one of the 4 equal farms similar in form to the original farm, the largest that could be laid off within it. To each of his 4 daughters he gave one of the 4 spaces included between the sons' farms and the outside boundary of the farm. And to his wife he gave the space remaining at the centre of the farm between the sons' farms. How many acres did each receive?

WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four masons, A, B, C, and D, engage to build a wall for $660. While A can build 5 rods, B can build 7½, C 8¾, D 6¼. When the wall is two-thirds completed, D ceases to work in it, and A, B and C finish it. How many should each receive? R. C. PATTERSON.

Camargo, Douglass Co., Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A speaks the truth 3 times in 4, B 4 times in 5, and C 6 times in 7. Now what is the probability of an event which A and B assert, and C denies? D. E.

Carroll Co., Md.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose? Ans.—You be blowed.

☞ Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Knee-high-miah. A friend suggests that there is one shorter—Bildad, the Shoe-hight.

☞ What part of speech is a kiss? Ans.—A conjunction. And what form? A lip-tickle Elliptical.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Emily, of Baltimore, Md. RIDDLE—"Ladies' Friend." DOUBLE REBUS—Indiana and Florida, (If, Nail, Dorado, Iser, Alibi, Naiad, Alabama.) CHARADE—Jacob, (Jay, Cob.) CHARADE—Tobacco, (Toe, Back, Co.)

Answer to D. Dieffenbach's PROBLEM, published September 26th:—226 acres, 160 perches. W. Siverly, and J. W. Thompson, Centreville, Md.

* A subscriber sends the following:—

There can be several answers given to David S. Hart's PROBLEM of September 24th, from which I will select the following:

$\frac{63}{12167}$ $\frac{124}{12167}$ $\frac{243}{12167}$ are the numbers.

or $\frac{1528}{157464}$ $\frac{18877}{157464}$ $\frac{23625}{157464}$

Answer to S. G. Cagrein's PROBLEM, Sept. 24th, is:—Area, 969,972. Eccentricity, 0,83575. The latter answer corresponds with that of the author, excepting the place of the decimal, he gives it thus:—96,9972. One or the other had made a mistake.—ED. RIDDLER.